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THE VOYAGEUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TALBOT AND VERNON,' 'THE OLENNES,' ETC.

‘SPREAD out earth’s holiest records here,
Of days and deeds to reverence dear:
A zeal like this, what pious legends tell?’

THE shapeless knight-errantry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, rich as it was in romance and adventure, is not to be compared, in any valuable characteristic, to the noiseless self-devotion of the men who first explored the Western country. The courage of the knight was a part of his savage nature; his confidence was in the strength of his own right arm; and if his ruggedness was ever softened down by gentler thoughts, it was only when he asked forgiveness for his crimes, or melted in sensual idolatry of female beauty.

It would be a curious and instructive inquiry, could we institute it with success, how much of the contempt of danger manifested by the wandering knight was referable to genuine valor, and what proportion to the strength of a Milan coat and the temper of a Toledo or Ferrara blade. And it would be still more curious, although perhaps not so instructive, to estimate the purity and fidelity of the heroines of chivalry; to ascertain the amount of true devotion given them by their admirers, ‘without hope of reward.’

But without abating its interest by invidious and ungrateful inquiries, we can see quite enough—in its turbulence, its cruelty, arrogance and oppression—to make us thank Heaven that ‘the days of chivalry are gone.’ And from that chaotic scene of rapine, raid and murder, we can turn with pleasure to contemplate the truer, nobler chivalry, the chivalry of love and peace, whose weapons were the kindness of their hearts, the purity of their motives, and the self-denial of their lives.

The term ‘*voyageur*’* literally signifies ‘traveller;’ but by this modest

* In common use, this word was restricted so as to indicate only the boatmen; the carriers of that time; but I am writing of a period anterior, by many years, to the existence of the trade which made their occupation.

name are indicated some of the bravest adventurers the world has ever seen. But it is not in its usual, common-place signification that I employ the word, nor yet in that which is given it by most writers on the subject of early French settlements and explorations. Men are often affected by the names given them, either of opprobrium or commendation; but words are quite as frequently changed, restricted or enlarged in meaning, by their application to men. For example: you apply the word soldier to a class of men; and if robbery be one of the characteristics of that class, 'soldier' will soon come to mean 'robber' too. And thus, though the parallel is only logical, has it been with the term '*voyageur*.' The class of men to whom it is applied were travellers—*voyageurs*; but they were *more*; and as the habits and qualities of men came in time to be better understood than the meaning of French words, the term, used in reference to Western history, took much of its significance from the history and character of the men it assumed to describe. Thus, *un voyageur* means not only a traveller, but a traveller with a purpose; an adventurer among the Western wilds; a chivalrous missionary, either in the cause of science or religion. It includes high courage, burning zeal for Church and country, and the most generous self-devotion. It describes such men as Marquette, La Salle, Joliet, Gravier, and hundreds of others equally illustrious, who lived and died among the dangers and privations of the wilderness; who opened the way for civilization and Christianity among the savages; and won, many of them, crowns of martyrdom.

They were almost all Frenchmen. The Spaniards who came to this continent were mere gold-seekers, thirsting only for wealth; and if they sought to propagate Christianity, or rather the Christian *name*, it was only a sanguinary bigotry that prompted them. On the other hand, the English emigrants came to take possession of the country for themselves. The conversion of the natives, or territorial acquisition for the mother country, were to them objects of barely secondary importance. They believed themselves persecuted—some of them *were* persecuted—and they fled: it was only safety for themselves, and the rich lands of the Indian, that they sought. Providence reserved for the French chevaliers and missionaries, the glory of leaving their homes without compulsion, real or imaginary, to penetrate an inhospitable wilderness; to undergo fatigues; to encounter dangers, and endure privations of a thousand kinds, enticed by no golden glitter, and covetous of no riches, save such as are 'laid up in heaven!' They came not as conquerors, but as ministers of peace, demanding only hospitality. They never attacked the savages with sword or fagot; but extending hands not stained by blood, they justified their profession by relief and love and kindly offices. Sometimes, indeed, they received little tracts of land; not seized by the hand of power, nor grasped by superior cunning, but possessed as the free gift of simple gratitude; and upon these they lived in peace, surrounded by savages, but protected by the respect inspired by blameless and beneficent lives. Many of those whose vows permitted it, intermarried among the converted natives, and left the seeds of many meliorations in a stony soil; and many of them, when they died, were as sincerely mourned by the simple children of the forest as if they had been chiefs and 'braves.'

Such were the men of peace who penetrated the wilderness through the French settlements in Canada, and preached the gospel to the heathen, where no white man had ever before been seen; and it is particularly to this class that I apply the word at the head of this article. But the same gentle spirit pervaded other orders of adventurers; men of the sword and buckler, as well as of the stole and surplice. These came to establish the dominion of *La Belle France*; but it was not to oppress the simple native, or drive him from his lands. Kindness marked even the conduct of the rough soldier; and such men as La Salle and Iberville, who were stern enough in war, and rigid enough in discipline, manifested always an anxious solicitude for the *rights* as well as for the spiritual welfare of the Indian. They gave a generous confidence where they were conscious of no wish to injure; they treated frankly and on equal terms with those whom their religion and their native kindness alike taught them to consider brethren and friends. Take, for example, that significant anecdote of La Salle, related by the faithful chronicler* of his unfortunate expeditions. He was building the fort of '*Crevecoeur*,' near the spot where now stands the city of Peoria, on the Illinois River; and even the name of his little fortress (*Crevecoeur*, Broken Heart) was a mournful record of his shattered fortunes. The means of carrying out his noble enterprise (the colonizing of the Mississippi valley) were lost; the labor of years had been rendered ineffectual by one shipwreck; his men were discontented, even mutinous, 'attempting,' says Hennepin, 'first to poison and then desert him;' his mind was distracted, his heart almost broken, by accumulated disasters. Surrounded thus by circumstances which might well have rendered him careless of the feelings of the savages around him, he observed that they had become cold and distant; that in effect they no longer viewed him as their friend. The Iroquois,† drifting from the shores of Lake Ontario, where they had always been the bitterest foes of the French, had instilled fear and hatred into their minds; it was even said that some of his own men had encouraged the growing discontent. In this juncture, what measures does he take? Strengthen his fortifications and prepare for war, as the men of other nations had done? Far from it. Soldier and adventurer as he was, he had no wish to shed innocent blood; though with his force he might have defied all the nations about him. He went as a friend, frankly and generously, among them, and demanded the reasons of their discontent. He touched their hearts by his confidence, convinced them of his friendship, and attached them to himself more devotedly than ever. A whole history in one brief passage!

But it is more especially to the *voyageurs* of the Church—the men of faith and love—that I wish to direct my reader's attention: to such men as Le Caron, a Franciscan, with all the zeal and courage and self-abnegation of his order, who wandered and preached among the bloody Iroquois, and upon the waters of Huron, as early as 1616; to Mesnard, a

* JOUTEL, who was one of LA SALLE's party, and afterward wrote an account of the enterprise, entitled '*Journal Historique*,' published in Paris, 1713. Its fidelity is as evident upon its face as is the simplicity of the historian.

† This was in the winter of 1679-'80; and the Five Nations, included in the general term Iroquois, had not then made the conquest upon which the English afterward founded their claim to the country. They were, however, generally regarded as enemies by all the Illinois tribes.

devoted missionary of the same order, who in 1660 founded a mission at the Sault de Ste. Marie, and then went into the forest to induce the savages to listen to the glad tidings he had brought, and never came back; to Father Allouez, who rebuilt the mission five years afterward, (the first of these houses of God which was not destroyed or abandoned,) who subsequently crossed the lakes, and preached to the Indians on Fox River, where, in one of the villages of the Miamis and Mascoutens, Marquette found a cross still standing, after the lapse of years, where Allouez had raised it, covered with the offerings of the simple natives to an unknown God. He is the same, too, who founded Kaskaskia, probably the earliest settlement in the Great Valley, and whose history ends, (significant fact!) with the record of his usefulness. To Father Pinet, who founded Cahokia, and was so successful in the conversion of the natives, that his little chapel could not contain the numbers who resorted to his ministrations; to Father Marest, the first preacher against intemperance; and finally to Marquette, the best and bravest of them all, the most single-hearted and unpretending!

Enthusiasm is a characteristic of the French nation; a trait in some individuals elevated to a sublime self-devotion, and in others degraded to mere excitability. The vivacity, gesticulation and grimace which characterize most of them, are the external signs of this nature; the calm heroism of the seventeenth century, and the insane devotion of the nineteenth, were alike its fruits. The *voyageur* possessed it, in common with all his countrymen. But in him it was not noisy, turbulent, or egotistical; military glory had 'neither part nor lot' in his schemes; the conquests he desired to make were the conquests of faith; the dominion he wished to establish was the dominion of Jesus.

In the pursuit of these objects, or rather of this single object, I have said he manifested the enthusiasm of his race; but it was the noblest form of that characteristic. The fire that burned in his bosom was fed by no selfish purpose. To have thought of himself, or of his own comforts, or advancement, or glory, to the detriment of any Christian enterprise, however dangerous or unpromising, would, in his eyes, have been a deadly sin.

At Sault de Ste. Marie, Father Marquette heard of many savages, (whom he calls 'God's children,') living in barbarism, far to the west. With five boatmen and one companion, he at once set out for an unexplored, even unvisited wilderness. He had what they had not—the gospel; and his heart yearned toward them, as the heart of a mother toward an afflicted child. He went to them, and bound them to him 'in the bond of peace.' If they received him kindly—as they usually did, for even a savage recognizes and respects genuine devotion—he preached to them, mediated among them, softened their hearts, and gathered them into the fold of God. If they met him with arms in their hands—as they sometimes did; for savages, like civilized men, do not always know their friends; he resolutely offered peace; and, in his own simple and pious language, 'God touched their hearts,' and they cast aside their weapons and received him in peace.

But the *voyageur* had higher qualities than enthusiasm. He was capable of being so absorbed in a cause as to lose sight of his own

identity; to forget that he was more than an instrument in the hands of God, to do God's work; and the distinction between these traits is broad indeed! Enthusiasm is noisy, obtrusive; self-abnegation is silent, retiring. Enthusiasm is officious, troublesome, careless of time and place; self-abnegation is prudent, gentle, considerate. The one is active and fragmentary; the other passive, but constant.

Thus, when the untaught and simple native was to be converted, the missionary took note of the spiritual capacity as well as of the spiritual wants; he did not force him to receive, at once, the whole creed of the Church, as a mere enthusiast would have done; for *that* wisdom would feed an infant with strong meats even before it had drawn its mother's milk. Neither did he preach the gospel with the sword, like the Spaniard, nor with fire and fagot, like the Puritan. He was wise as the serpent, but gentle as the dove. He took the wondering Indian by the hand; received him as a brother; won him over to listen patiently; and then taught him first that which he could easiest comprehend: he led him to address the throne of grace, or, in the language of the time, 'to embrace the prayer;' because even the savage believed in Deity. As his understanding was expanded, and his heart purified—as every heart must be which truly lifts itself to God—he gradually taught him the more abstruse and wonderful doctrines of the Church of CHRIST. Gently and imperceptibly he led him on, until the whole tremendous work was done. The untutored savage, if he knew nothing else, yet knew the name of his REDEEMER. The bloody warfare, the feuds and jealousies of his tribe, if not completely overcome, at least were softened and ameliorated. When he could not convert, he endeavored to humanize; and among the tribes of the Illinois,* though they were never thoroughly Christianized, the influence of the good fathers had prevailed to abolish the barbarous practice of torturing captives.† For though they might not embrace the religion, the savages venerated its teachers, and loved them for their gentleness.

And this gentleness was not want of courage; for never in the history of the world has truer valor been exhibited than that shown by the early missionary and his compeers, the first military adventurers! Read Joutel's account of the melancholy life and death of La Salle; read the simple, unpretending 'Journal' of Marquette;‡ and compare their constancy and heroism with that displayed at any time in any cause! But the *voyageur* possessed higher qualities than courage, also; and here again we recur to his perfect abnegation of himself; his renunciation of all personal considerations.

Courage takes note of danger, but defies it: the *voyageur* was careless of danger, because he counted it as nothing; he gave it no thought, because it only affected *himself*; and he valued not his own safety and comfort, so long as he could serve the cause by forgetting them. Mere courage is combative, even pugnacious; but the *voyageur* fought only 'the good fight;' he had no pride of conquest, save in the victories of

* A COLLECTIVE name, including a number, variously stated, of different tribes confederated.

† 'ANNALS of the West,' by J. H. PERKINS AND J. M. PECK, p. 679. St. Louis. 1850.

‡ The substance of the Journal may be found, republished by Dr. SPARKS, in the second edition of 'BUTLER'S Kentucky,' p. 493, *et sequitur*, and in vol. x. of his American Biography.

Faith, and rather would suffer himself than inflict suffering upon others. Mere courage is restless, impatient, purposeless: but the *voyageur* was content to remain wherever he could do good, tentative only in the cause of CHRIST, and distracted by no objects from his mission. His religion was his inspiration; his conscience his reward. His system may have been perverted, his zeal mistaken, his Church a sham; we are not arguing that question. But the purity of his intentions, the sincerity of his heart, cannot be doubted; and the most intolerant Protestant against 'the corruptions of Rome' will, at least, admit that even Catholicism was better than the Paganism of the savages.

'There is not,' says Macaulay, * 'and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church.' And certainly all other systems combined have never produced one tithe of the astounding results brought about by this alone. Whether she has taught truth or falsehood; whether, on the whole, it had been better or worse for the cause of Christianity, had no such organization ever existed; whether her claims are groundless or well-founded, are questions foreign to our purpose. But that her polity is the most powerful; the best adapted to the ends she has in view; of all that man has hitherto invented, there can be no doubt. Her missionaries have been more numerous and more successful; ay, and more devoted, than those of any other Church. They have gone where even the sword of the conqueror could not cleave his way. They have built churches in the wilderness, which were time-worn and crumbling when the first emigrant penetrated the forests. They have preached to youthful savages who never saw the face of another white man, though they lived to three-score years and ten. They have prayed upon the shores of lonely lakes and rivers, which were not mapped by geographers for centuries after their deaths. They have travelled on foot, unarmed and alone, where an army could not march. And every where their zeal and usefulness have ended only with their lives; and always with their latest breath they have mingled prayers for the salvation of their flocks with aspirations for the welfare of their Church. For though countless miles of sea and land were between her and them, their loyalty and affection to the great spiritual Mother were never forgotten. 'In spite of oceans and deserts; of hunger and pestilence; of spies and penal laws; of dungeons and racks; of gibbets and quartering-blocks,' they have been found in every country, at all times, ever active and zealous. And every where, in palace, or hovel, or wilderness, they have been true sons of the Church, loyal and obedient.

An organization capable of producing such results is certainly well worth examination. For the influence she has wielded in ages past gives promise of her future power; and it becomes those who think her permanence pernicious to the world, to avoid her errors and yet imitate her wisdom. If the system be a falsehood and a sham, it is a most gigantic and successful one, and it is of strange longevity. It has lived now more than fifteen hundred years, and one hundred and fifty millions of people yet believe it. If it be a counterfeit, it is high time the cheat were de-

* MISCELLANIES, CAREY AND HART's edition, p. 401.

tected and exposed. Let those who have the truth give forth its light, that the falsehood may wither and die. Unless they do so, the life which has already extended over so many centuries may gain fresh vigor, and renew its youth. Even yet the vision of the essayist may be realized: 'And,' says Macaulay, in the essay above quoted, 'she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New-Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's!'

It was to this Church that the early *voyageurs* belonged. And I do not use that word 'belonged' as it is employed in modern times among Protestants: I mean *more* than that convenient, loosely-fitting profession which, like a garment, is thrown on and off, as the exigences of hypocrisy or cupidity may require. These men actually *did belong* to the Church. They were hers, soul and body; hers, in life and in death; hers, to go whithersoever she might direct, to do whatsoever she might appoint. They believed the doctrines they taught with an abiding, *active* faith; and they were willing to be spent in preaching them to the heathen.

It has always been a leading principle in the policy of the Roman Church to preserve her unity, and she has been enabled to do so principally by the ramified and elastic polity for which she has been distinguished, to which she owes much of her extent and power, as well as no small part of the reproach so liberally bestowed upon her in the pages of history. There are many 'arms' in her service: a man must be impracticable indeed when she can find no place in which to make him useful, or to prevent his being mischievous. She never drives one from the pale of the Church who can benefit it as a communicant, or injure it as a dissenter. If he became troublesome at home, she has, in all ages, had enterprises on foot in which she might clothe him with authority, and send him to the uttermost parts of the earth; thus ridding herself of a dangerous member, and, by the same act, enlarging the sphere of her own dominion. Does an enthusiast become noisy or troublesome upon unimportant points, the creed is flexible, and the mother will not quarrel with her child, for his earnestness may convince and lead astray more valuable sons and daughters. She will establish a new order, of which the stubborn fanatic shall be founder: the new order is built into the old church organization, and its founder becomes a dignitary of the ecclesiastical establishment. Instead of becoming a dangerous heretic and schismatic, he is attached to orthodoxy by cords stronger than steel; henceforth all his earnest enthusiasm shall be directed to the advancement of his order, and consequently of his Church. Does one exhibit inflexibility in some matter of conscience upon which the Church insists, there are many of God's children in the wilderness starving in spirit for the bread of life, and to these, with that bread, shall the refractory son be sent. He receives the commission; departs upon his journey, glad to forget a difference with his spiritual superiors; preaches to the heathen; remembers only that the Church is his mother; wins a crown of martyrdom, and is canonized for the encouragement of others!

Thus she finds a place for all, and work enough for each; and thus are thrown off the elements of schism and rebellion. Those who had

most courage in the cause of right; all who were likely to be guided in matters of conscience by their own convictions; the most sincere and single-hearted, the firmest and purest and bravest, were, in matters of controversy, the most dangerous champions, should they range themselves against the teaching of the Church. They were consequently, at the period of which I am writing, the men whom it was most desirable to send away; and they were eminently well fitted for the arduous and wasting duties of the missionary.

To this class belonged the large majority of the *voyageur* priests; men who might be inconvenient and obtrusive monitors, or formidable adversaries in controversy, if they remained at home, but who could only be useful—who of all men could be *most* useful—in gathering the heathen into the fold of the Church. There were, doubtless, a few of another class; the restless, intriguing and disobedient, who, though not formidable, were troublesome. But even when these joined the missionary expeditions, they did but little to forward the work, and are entitled to none of the honor so abundantly due to their more sincere brethren. To this class, for example, belonged the false and egotistical Hennepin, who only signalized himself by endeavoring to appropriate the reputation so hardly won by the brave and unfortunate La Salle.*

It does not appear upon the record that any of these men—of either the restless and ambitious, or of the better class—were literally *sent away*. But such has been the politic practice of this Church for many ages; and we may safely believe, that when she was engaged in an unscrupulous and desperate contest for the recovery, by fair means or foul, of her immense losses, there might be many in the ranks of her pious priesthood whom it would be inconvenient to retain at home. And during that conflict especially, with the most formidable enemies she ever had, she could not afford to be encumbered.

But whatever may have been the motives of their spiritual superiors, the missionaries themselves were moved only by the considerations of which we have spoken—the truest piety and the most burning zeal. Of these influences they were conscious; but we shall perhaps not do the character injustice if we add another spur to action, of which they were *not* conscious. There is a vein of romance in the French composition; a love of adventure for the sake of the adventure itself; which, when not tamed or directed, makes a Frenchman fitful, erratic and unreliable. When it is toned by personal ambition, it becomes a sort of Paladin contempt for danger; sometimes a crazy furor. When accompanied by powerful intellect, and strengthened by concentration on a purpose, it makes a great commander; great for the quickness of his comprehension, the suddenness of his resolutions, the rapidity of their execution. When humanized by love, and quickened by religious zeal, it is purified of every selfish thought, and produces the chivalrous missionary, whom neither fire nor flood, neither desert nor pathless wilderness, shall deter from obeying the command of HIM who sent His gospel 'unto every

* In a book which he published at Utrecht, in 1697, entitled 'A New Discovery of a Vast Country,' he claims to have gone down the Mississippi to its mouth before LA SALLE. The whole book is a mere plagiarism. See SPARKS'S 'Life of LA SALLE,' where the vain father is summarily and justly disposed of.

creature.' And thus are even those traits, which so often curse the world with insane ambition and sanguinary war, turned by the power of a true benevolence to be blessings of incalculable value.

Such were the purposes, such the motives, of this band of noble men; and whatever may have been their errors, we must at least accord them the virtues of *sincerity*, *courage* and *self-denial*. But let us look a little more closely at the means by which they accomplished undertakings which, to any other race of men, would have been not only impracticable, but utterly desperate. Take again, as the representative of his class, the case of Father Marquette, than whom, obscure as his name is in the wastes of history, no man ever lived a more instructive and exemplary life.

From the year 1668 to 1671,* Marquette had been preaching at the *Sault de Sainte Marie*, a little below the foot of Lake Superior. He was associated with others in that mission, but the largest type, though it thrust itself no higher than the smallest, will make the broadest impress on the page of history; and even in the meagre record of that time, we can trace the influence of his gentle but firm spirit: those by whom he was accompanied evidently took their tone from him. But he was one of the Church's pioneers; that class whose eager, single-hearted zeal is always pushing forward to new conquests of the faith; and when he had put aside the weapons that opposed their way, to let his followers in, his thoughts at once went on to more remote and suffering regions. During his residence at the *Sault*, rumors and legends were continually floating in of the unknown country lying to the west, 'the Land of the Great River,' as the Indians called it, until the mind of the good father became fully possessed with the idea of going to convert the nations who dwelt upon its shores. In the year 1671 he took the first step in that direction, moving on to Point St. Ignatius, on the main land, north of the Island of Mackinac. Here, surrounded by his little flock of wondering listeners, he preached until the spring of 1673; but all the time his wish to carry the gospel where its sound had never been heard was growing stronger. He felt in his heart the impulse of his calling, to lead the way and open a path for the advance of light. At the period mentioned, he received an order from the wise intendant in New-France, M. Talon, to explore the pathless wilderness to the westward.

Then was seen the true spirit of the man, and of his order. He gathered together no armament; asked the protection of no soldiers; no part of the cargo of his little boat consisted of gunpowder, or of swords or guns; his only arms were the spirit of love and peace; his trust was in God for protection. Five boatmen and one companion, the Sieur Joliet, composed his party. Two light bark canoes were his only means of traveling; and in these he carried a small quantity of Indian corn and some jerked meat, his only means of subsistence.

Thus equipped, he set out through Green Bay and up Fox River, in search of a country never yet visited by any European. The Indians endeavored to dissuade him, wondering at his hardihood, and still more at the motives which could induce him thus to brave so many dangers. They told him of the savage Indians, to whom it would be only pastime

* Most of these dates may be found in BANCROFT'S 'United States,' vol. iii.

to torture and murder him; of the terrible monsters which would swallow him and his companions, 'canoes and all;' of the great bird called the *Piasan*,* which devoured men, after carrying them in its horrible talons to inaccessible cliffs and mountains; and of the scorching heats, which would wither him like a dry leaf! 'I thanked them kindly,' says the resolute but gentle father, 'for their good counsel; but I told them that I could not profit by it, since the salvation of souls was at stake, for which object I would be overjoyed to give my life.' Shaking them by the hand, one by one, as they approached to bid him farewell, as they thought, for the last time, he turned his back upon safety and peace, and departed upon his self-denying pilgrimage.

Let him who sits at ease in his cushioned pew at home; let him who lounges on his velvet-covered sofa in the pulpit, while his well-taught choir are singing; who rises as the strains are dying, and kneels upon a cushioned stool to pray; who treads upon soft carpets while he preaches, in a white cravat, to congregations clad in broadcloth, silk, and satin; let him pause and ponder on the difference between his works, his trials, his zeal—ay, and his glory, both of earth and heaven—and those of Father James Marquette!

The little party went upon their way; the persuasions of their simple-hearted friends could not prevail, for the path of duty was before them, and the eye of God above. Having passed through Green Bay, and painfully dragged their canoes over the rapids of Fox River, they reached a considerable village, inhabited by the united tribes of Kickapoos, Miamis, and Mascoutines. Here they halted for a time, as the mariner, about to prove the dangers of a long voyage, lingers for a day in the last port he is likely to enter for many months. Beyond this point no white man had ever gone; and here, if any where, the impulses of a natural fear should have made themselves felt. But we hear of no hesitation, no shrinking from the perilous task; and we know from the unpretending 'Journal' of the good father, that a retreat—nay, even a halt, longer than was necessary to recruit exhausted strength and renew the memory of former lessons among the natives—was never thought of. 'My companion,' said Marquette, referring to Joliet, 'is an envoy from the King of France, and I am a humble minister of God. I have no fear, *because I shall consider it the highest happiness to die in the service of my Master!*' There was no bravado in this, for, unlike many from whom you may, any day, hear the same declaration, he set forth immediately to encounter the perils of his embassy.

The Indians, unable to prevail with him to abandon the enterprise, made all their simple provision for his comfort; and, furnishing him with guides and carriers across the portage to the Wisconsin River, parted with him as one bound for eternity. Having brought them safely to the river, the guides left them 'alone in that unknown country, in the hand of God;' and, trusting to the protection of that Hand, they set out upon

* The legend of the Piasan is well known. Within the recollection of men now living, rude paintings of the monster were visible on the cliffs above Alton, Illinois. To these images, when passing in their canoes, the Indians were accustomed to make offerings of maize, tobacco, and gunpowder. They are now quite obliterated.

their journey down the stream.* Seven days after, 'with inexpressible joy,' they emerged upon the bosom of the Great River. During all this time they had seen no human being, though, probably, many a wondering savage had watched them from the covert of the bank, as they floated silently between the forests. It was an unbroken solitude, when the ripple of their paddles sounded loud upon the ear, and their voices, subdued by the stillness, were sent back in lonely echoes from the shore.

They were the first white men who ever floated on the bosom of that mighty river† — 'the envoy from the King of France, and the ambassador of the King of kings.' What were their thoughts we know not, but from Marquette's simple 'Journal;' for, in returning to Quebec, Joliet's boat was wrecked in sight of the city, and all his papers lost.‡ Of the Sieur himself, we know nothing, save as the companion of Marquette on this voyage; but from this alone his fame is imperishable.

They sailed slowly down the river, keeping a constant outlook upon the banks for signs of those for whose spiritual welfare the good father had undertaken his perilous journey. But for more than sixty leagues not a human form or habitation could be seen. They had leisure, more than they desired, to admire the grand and beautiful scenery of that picturesque region. In some places the cliffs rose perpendicularly for hundreds of feet from the water's edge; and nodding over their brows, and towering against the sky, were stately pines and cedars of the growth of centuries. Here, there lay between the river and the cliffs, a level prairie, waving in all the luxuriance of 'the leafy month of June;' while beyond, the bluffs, enclosing the natural garden, softened by the distance, and clothed in evergreen, seemed but an extension of the primitive savanna. Here, a dense, primeval forest grew quite down to the margin of the water; and hanging from the topmost branches of the giant oaks, festoons of gray and graceful moss lay floating on the rippled surface, or dipped within the tide. Here, the large, smooth roots of trees, half undermined, presented seats and footholds, where the pleasant shade invited them to rest and shelter from the sultry summer sun. Anon, an open prairie, with no cliff or bluff beyond, extended undulating from the river, until the eye, in straining to measure its extent, was wearied by the effort, and the plain became a waving sea of rainbow colors, of green and yellow, gold and purple. Again, they passed a gravelly beach, on which the yellow sand was studded with a thousand sets of brilliant shells, and little rivulets flowed in from level prairies, or stealthily crept out from under roots of trees or tangled vines, and hastened to be hidden in the bosom of the Great Father of Waters.

They floated on, through the dewy morning hours, when the leaves were shining in the sunlight, and the birds were singing joyously, before the summer heat had dried the moisture, or had forced the feathered songsters to the shade. At noon, when the silence made the solitude oppressive; when the leaves hung wilting down, nor fluttered in the fainting

* JUNE 10th, 1673.

† I MEAN, of course, the upper Mississippi; for De Soto had reached it lower down one hundred and thirty-two years before.

‡ IT WAS announced, some months since, that our minister at Rome, Mr. Cass, had made discoveries in that city which threw more light upon this expedition. But how this can be, consistently with the fact stated in the text, (about which there is no doubt,) I am at a loss to divine.

wind ; when the prairies were no longer waving like the sea, but trembling like the atmosphere around a heated furnace ; when the *mirage* hung upon the plain, tall trees were seen growing in the air, and among them stalked the deer, and elk, and buffalo ; while between them and the ground, the brazen sky was glowing with the sun of June ; when nothing living could be seen, save when the *voyageur's* approach would startle some wild beast slaking his thirst in the cool river, or a flock of water-fowl were driven from their covert, where the willow branches, drooping, dipped their leaves of silvery gray within the water. They floated on till evening, when the sun approached the prairie, and his broad, round disc, now shorn of its dazzling beams, defined itself against the sky and grew florid in the gathering haze ; when the birds began to re-appear, and flitted noiselessly among the trees, in busy preparation for the night ; when beasts of prey crept out from lurking-places, where they had dozed and panted through the hours of noon ; when the wilderness grew vocal with the mingled sounds of lowing buffalo, and screaming panther, and howling wolf, until the shadows rose from earth, and traveled from the east, until the dew began to fall, the stars came out, and night brought rest and dreams of home !

Thus they floated on, 'from morn till dewy eve,' and still no sign of human life, neither habitation nor footprint, until one day—it was the twenty-fifth of June, more than two weeks since they had entered the wilderness—in gliding past a sandy beach, they recognized the impress of a naked foot ! Following it for some distance, it grew into a trail, and then a path, once more a place where human beings habitually walked.

Whose feet had trodden down the grass, what strange people lived on the prairie, they knew not ; what dangers might await them, they cared not. These were the people whom the good father had come so far to convert and save ! And now, again, one might expect some natural hesitation ; some doubt in venturing among those who were certainly barbarians, and who might, for aught they knew, be brutal cannibals. We could forgive a little wavering, indeed, especially when we think of the frightful stories told them by the Northern Indians of this very people. But fear was not a part of these men's nature ; or if it existed, it lay so deep buried beneath religious zeal and pious trust, that its voice never reached the upper air. Leaving the boatmen with the canoes, near the mouth of the river now called Des Moines, Marquette and Joliet set out alone, to follow up the trail, and seek the people who had made it. It led them to an open prairie, one of the most beautiful in the present State of Iowa, and crossing this, a distance of six miles, they at last found themselves in the vicinity of three Indian villages. The very spot* where the chief of these stood might now be easily found, so clear, though brief, is the description of the simple priest. It stood at the foot of a long slope, on the bank of the river Moingona, (or Des Moines,) about six miles due west of the Mississippi ; and at the top of the rise, at the

* THE place of MARQUETTE'S landing—which should be classic ground—from his description of the country, and the distances he specifies, could not have been far from the spot where the city of Keokuk now stands, a short distance above the mouth of the Des Moines. The locality should, if possible, be determined.

distance of half a league, were built the two others. 'We commended ourselves unto God,' writes the gentle father; for they knew not at what moment they might need His intervention; and crying out with a loud voice, to announce their approach, they calmly advanced toward the group of lodges. At a short distance from the entrance to the village, they were met by a deputation of four old men, who, to their great joy, they perceived bore a richly ornamented pipe of peace, the emblem of friendship and hospitality. Tendering the mysterious calumet, they informed the Frenchmen that they belonged to one of the tribes called 'Illinois,' (or 'Men,') and invited them to enter their lodges in peace; an invitation which the weary *voyageurs* were but too glad to accept.

A great council was held, with all the rude but imposing ceremonies of the grave and dignified Indian; and before the assembled chiefs and braves, Marquette published his mission from his Heavenly MASTER. Passing, then, from spiritual to temporal things—for we do not hear of any address from Joliet, who probably was no orator—he spake of his earthly king, and of his viceroy in New-France; of his victories over the Iroquois, the dreaded enemies of the peaceful Western tribes; and then made many inquiries about the Mississippi, its tributaries, and the nations who dwelt upon their banks. His advances were kindly received, his questions frankly answered, and the council broke up with mutual assurances of good-will. Then ensued the customary festival. Homminy, fish, buffalo and *dog-meat*, were successively served up, like the courses of a more modern table; but of *the last* 'we declined to partake,' writes the good father, no doubt much to the astonishment and somewhat to the chagrin of their hospitable friends; for, even yet, among the western Indians, *dog-meat* is a dish of honor.

Six days of friendly intercourse passed pleasantly away, diversified by many efforts on the part of Marquette to instruct and convert the docile savages. Nor were these entirely without result; they excited, at least, the wish to hear more; and on his departure they crowded round him, and urgently requested him to come again among them. He promised to do so, a pledge which he afterwards redeemed. But now he could not tarry; he was bent upon his hazardous voyage down the Great River, and he knew that he was only on the threshold of his grand discoveries. Six hundred warriors, commanded by their most distinguished chief, accompanied him back to his boats; and, after hanging around his neck the great calumet, to protect him among the hostile nations of the south, they parted with him, praying that the Great Spirit, of whom he had told them, might give him a prosperous voyage, and a speedy and safe return.

These were the first of the nations of the Mississippi Valley visited by the French, and it is from them that the State of Illinois takes its name. They were a singularly gentle people; and a nature originally peaceful had been rendered almost timid by the cruel inroads of the murderous Iroquois.* These, by their traffic with the Dutch and English of New-York, and by their long warfare with the French of Canada, had ac-

* It was by virtue of a treaty of purchase—signed at Fort Stanwix on the 5th of November, 1768—with the Six Nations, who claimed the country as their conquest, that the British asserted a title to the country west of the Alleghenies, Western Virginia, Kentucky, etc.

quired the use of fire-arms, and, of course, possessed an immense advantage over those who were armed only with the primitive bow and arrow. The restless and ambitious spirit of the singular confederacy, usually called the Five Nations, and known among their neighbors by the collective name of Iroquois, had carried their incursions even as far as the hunting-grounds of the Shawanese, about the mouth of the Ohio; and their successes had made them a terror to all the Western tribes. The Illinois, therefore, knowing the French to be at war with these formidable enemies, were the more anxious to form an alliance with them; and the native gentleness of their manners was, perhaps, increased by the hope of assistance and protection. But, whatever motives may have influenced them, beside their natural character, their forethought was of vital service to the wanderers in the countries of the south, whither they proceeded.

The little party of seven resumed their voyage on the last day of June, and floating with the rapid current, a few days afterward passed the rocks, above the site of Alton, where was painted the image of the ravenous *Piasan*, of which they had been told by the Northern Indians, and on the same day reached the mouth of the Pekitanoni, the Indian name for the rapid and turbulent Missouri. Inwardly resolving, at some future time, to ascend its muddy current, to cross the ridge beyond, and, descending some river which falls into the Great South Sea, (as the Pacific was then called,) to publish the gospel to all the people of the Continent, the zealous father passed onward toward the south. Coasting slowly along the wasting shore, lingering in the mouths of rivers, or exploring dense forests in the hope of meeting the natives, they continued on their course until they reached the mouth of a river which they called the *Ouabache*, or Wabash, none other than the beautiful Ohio.* Here they found the advanced settlement of the Shawanese, who had been pushed towards the south-west by the incessant attacks of the Iroquois. But by this time, fired with the hope of ascertaining the outlet of the Mississippi, they postponed their visit to these people until their return, and floated on.

It is amusing, as well as instructive, to observe how little importance the travelers gave to the river Ohio, in their geographical assumptions. In the map published by Marquette with his 'Journal,' the '*Ouabisquigou*,' as he denominates it, in euphonious French-Indian, compared to the Illinois, or even to the Wisconsin, is but an inconsiderable rivulet! The lonely wanderers were much farther from the English settlements than they supposed; a mistake into which they must have been led, by hearing of the incursions of the Iroquois; for even at that early day they could not but know that the head-waters of the Ohio were not distant from the hunting-grounds of that warlike confederacy. Even this explanation, however, scarcely lessens our wonder that they should have known so little of courses and distances; for had this river been as short

* THE geographical mistakes of the early French explorers have led to some singular discussions about Western history—have even been used by diplomatists to support or weaken territorial claims. Such, for example, is the question concerning the antiquity of Vincennes, a controversy founded on the mistake noticed in the text. Vide 'Western Annals,' 2d Ed. Revised by J. M. Peck.

as it is here delineated, they would have been within four hundred miles of Montreal!

After leaving the Ohio, they suffered much from the climate and its incidents; for they were now approaching, in the middle of July, a region of perpetual summer. Mosquitoes and other venomous insects (in that region we might even call them *ravenous* insects) became intolerably annoying; and the *voyageurs* began to think they had reached the country of the terrible heats, which, as they had been warned in the north, 'would wither them up like a dry leaf.' But the prospect of death by torture and savage cruelty had not daunted them, and they were not now disposed to be turned back by any excess of climate. Arranging their sails in the form of awnings to protect them from the sun by day and the dews by night, they resolutely pursued their way.

Following the course of the river, they soon entered the region of canebrakes, so thick that no animal larger than a cat could penetrate them; and of cotton-wood forests, of immense size and of unparalleled density. They were far beyond the limits of every Indian dialect with which they had become acquainted; were, in fact, approaching the region visited by De Soto, on his famous expedition in search of Juan Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth.* The country was possessed by the Sioux and Chickasaws, to whom the *voyageurs* were total strangers; but they went on without fear. In the neighborhood of the southern boundary of the present State of Arkansas, they were met in hostile array by great numbers of the natives, who approached them in large canoes made from the trunks of hollow trees. But Marquette held aloft the symbol of peace, the ornamented calumet, and the hearts of the savages were melted, as the pious father believed, by the touch of God. They threw aside their weapons, and received the strangers with rude but hearty hospitality. They escorted them, with many demonstrations of welcome, to the village of Michigamia; and on the following day, having feasted their strange guests plentifully, though not with the unsavory meats of the Illinois, they marched in triumphal procession to the metropolis of Akanseas, about ten leagues distant, down the river.

This was the limit of their voyage. Here they ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, and not, as had been conjectured, into the Great South Sea. Here they found the natives armed with axes of steel, a proof of their traffic with the Spaniards; and thus was the circle of discovery complete, connecting the explorations of the French with those of the Spanish, and entirely enclosing the possessions of the English. No voyage so important has since been undertaken; no results so great have ever been produced by so feeble an expedition. The discoveries of Marquette, followed by the enterprises of La Salle and his successors, have influenced the destinies of nations; and passing over all political speculations, this exploration first threw open a valley of greater extent, fertility, and commercial advantages, than any other in the world. Had either the French or the Spanish possessed the stubborn qualities which *hold*, as they had the useful which

* In 1541, De Soto crossed the Mississippi about the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude, or near the northern boundary of the State of that name. It is not certain how far below this MARQUETTE went, though we are safe in saying that he did not turn back north of that limit.

discover, the aspect of this continent would, at this day, have been far different.

On the seventeenth of July, having preached to the Indians the glory of God and the Catholic faith, and proclaimed the power of the *Grand Monarque*—for still we hear nothing of speech-making or delivering credentials on the part of Joliet—he set out on his return. After severe and wasting toil for many days, they reached a point, as Marquette supposed, some leagues below the mouth of the Moingona, or Des Moines. Here they left the Mississippi, and crossed the country between that river and the Illinois, probably passing through the very country which now bears the good father's name, entering the latter stream at a point not far from the present town of Peoria. Proceeding slowly up that calm river, preaching to the tribes along its banks, and partaking of their hospitality, he was at last conducted to Lake Michigan, at Chicago, and by the end of September was safe again in Green Bay, having traveled, since the tenth of June, more than three thousand miles.

It might have been expected that one who had made so magnificent a discovery, who had braved so much and endured so much, would wish to announce in person to the authorities in Canada, or in France, the results of his expedition. Nay, it would not have been unpardonable had he desired to enjoy, after his labors, something of the consideration to which their success entitled him. And, certainly, no man could ever have approached his rulers with a better claim upon their notice than could the unpretending *voyageur*. But vain-glory was no more a part of his nature than was fear. The unaspiring priest remained at Green Bay, to continue, or rather to resume, as a task laid aside only for a time, his ministrations to the savages. Joliet hastened on to Quebec to report the expedition, and Marquette returned to Chicago, for the purpose of preaching the gospel to the Miami Confederacy, several allied tribes who occupied the country between Lake Michigan and the Des Moines River. Here again he visited the Illinois, speaking to them of God, and of the religion of Jesus; thus redeeming a promise which he had made them, when on his expedition to the South.

But his useful, unambitious life was drawing to a close. Let us describe its last scene in the words of our accomplished historian :*

‘Two years afterward, sailing from Chicago to Mackinac, he entered a little river in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said mass, after the rites of the Catholic Church; then, begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for a half-hour,

—— ‘In the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the MIGHTIEST solemn thanks
And supplication.’

At the end of the half-hour they went to seek him, *and he was no more*. The good missionary, discoverer of a world, had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream that bears his name. Near its mouth, the canoe-men dug his grave in the sand. Ever after, the forest rangers, in their danger

* BANCROFT. History of the United States. Vol. III., page 161, *et sequitur*, where the reader may look for most of these dates.

on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument.'

The monument is not yet built; though the name of new counties in several of the Western States testifies that the noble missionary is not altogether forgotten, in the land where he spent so many self-denying years.

Such was the *voyageur* priest; the first, in chronological order, of the succession of singular men who have explored and peopled the Great West. And though many who have followed him have been his equals in courage and endurance, none have ever possessed the same combination of heroic and unselfish qualities. It ought not to be true that this brief and cursory sketch is the first distinct tribute yet paid to his virtues; for no worthier subject ever employed the pen of the poet or historian.

NOTE.—Struck with the fact that the history of this class of men, and of their enterprises and sufferings, has never been written, except by themselves in their simple 'Journals' and 'Relations'—for the *résumé* given of these by SPARKS, BANCROFT, and others, is of necessity a mere unsatisfactory abstract—the writer has for some time been engaged in collecting and arranging materials, with the intention of supplying the want. The authorities are numerous and widely scattered; and such a work ought to be thoroughly and carefully written, so that much time and labor lies between the author and his day of publication. Should he be spared, however, to finish the work, he hopes to present a picture of a class of men, displaying as much of true devotion, genuine courage, and self-denial, in the humble walk of the missionary, as the pages of history show in any other department of human enterprise.

Jacksonville, Illinois, October 15, 1851.

P A R T I N G S T A N Z A S .

I've pressed my last kiss on thy brow,
 I've breathed my last farewell,
 And hushed within my breaking heart
 The love I may not tell.
 I sought to win thee for mine own,
 To wear thee in my heart;
 That dream is o'er—I leave thee now,
 And bless thee, as we part.

The cherished hopes of other days
 Time never may restore;
 But, dear lost one! I love thee still
 As fondly as of yore.
 Thy low, sweet tones are in my ear,
 Where'er my footsteps roam,
 And pleasant memories of thee
 Will make my heart their home.

And when my bark, now passion-tossed
 Upon life's wintry sea,
 Shall sink beneath the stormy wave,
 Wilt thou not weep for me?
 Farewell! I may not pause to gaze
 Into those eyes of thine:
 God spare thy heart the agony
 That now is rending mine!

Centreville, Indiana.

N. H. JOHNSON.

THE N O R T H E R N L I G H T S .

Hell's gates swing open wide,
 Hell's furious kings forth ride;
 The deep doth redden
 With the flags of armies marching through the night,
 And scarlet legions running to the fight
 At Armageddon.

Lords and princes mark I,
 Captains and chiliarchi,
 Thou burning angel of the pit, ABADDON!
 Charioteers from Hades, land of gloom,
 Gigantic thrones and heathen troopers, whom
 The thunder of the far-off war doth madden.

Lo! Night's barbaric khans,
 Lo! the waste deep's wild clans
 Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles:
 Lo! flaming sultans, lo! infernal czars
 In deep-ranked squadrons gird the rushing cars
 Of LUCIFER and AMMON, towering idols.

See! glittering arrows pierce the globes and moons;
 See! see the swift cimmerian dragoons
 Whirling aloft their sabres to the zenith!
 See the tall regiments whose spears incline
 Beyond the circle of that northern sign
 Which toward the streams of ocean never leaneth; *
 While fires of keen artillery
 Kindle afar thy gloomy peaks, Cordillera!

Whose yonder dragon-crest?
 Whose that red-shielded breast?
 SATANAS, chieftain, comes! Emperor of the furnace!
 Blazing centurions and crimson earls,
 In mail of Hell's bright ores and burnished pearls,
 Alarm the kingdom with their gleaming harness.

All tribes and spectral hosts,
 All shades and frowning ghosts,
 All mighty phantoms from the Gulf's deep gorges
 Follow the kings in glimmering multitude;
 While savage giants of the Night's old brood
 In pagan mirth toss high their crackling torches!

On! Lords of dark Despair,
 Prince of the Powers of air,
 Bear your broad banners through the constellations:
 And all ye Stygian hordes
 Wave to the skies your swords;
 Startle with warlike signs the watching nations!
 March, ye mailed multitudes, across the deep;
 Far shine the battlements on Heaven's steep;
 Dare ye again, fierce thrones and scarlet powers,
 Assail with Hell's wild host those crystal towers?

LUDWIG VON MUEDELBRAINZ.

* Ἀρχτον. . . . ἄμαξαν. . . .
 Οἱ δ' ἄμμορος ἐστὶ λατρῶν Ωκεανοῖο.

W O M A N A N D F A M E :

A STORY OF INNISFIELD.

BY F. H. UNDERWOOD.

'Thou hast a charmed cup, O FAME!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.'

HERMANS.

MINE host of the Washington, the drowsy little inn of Innisfield, was a sad illustration of the cheer afforded by his larder. The model inn-keeper has come to be a pretty well-known character; his general outlines are as familiar to the imagination as the figure of Falstaff. He should be of moderate stature, of a rotund form, with easily bending shoulders, a face rosy and smiling, a mouth suggestive of juicy sirloins and delicate pastry, and an eye sparkling with good-humor, like the wine just released from his cobwebbed bottles, or, tetotally speaking, like the water from a bright mountain spring. But Zebulon Harwood was deficient in nearly all these particulars; so much so, that it is a marvel why an innate sense of propriety had not kept him out of the profession. He was a tall, gaunt man, whose frame seemed wrought of iron and whalebone, with none of the cellular tissue to give symmetry to its outlines, or to cushion its angular projections. His neck was long, and, as he opened and shut his lank jaws, the loose, flabby skin beneath seemed to envelope and glide over a bundle of knotted cords. Upon his prematurely bald head rested a wig of a faded brown, in fine contrast with the gray eyebrows that bristled above his small, restless eyes. The lean and sanctimonious looks of our landlord would certainly seem to indicate to a traveler, that he would be far surer of a long grace and a round bill, than of a luxurious entertainment. But such inferences are not always as conclusive as in the case of the Black Knight and Friar Tuck.

The monotony that usually pervaded the inn was enlivened, one fine evening in June, by the arrival of a passenger in the weekly mail, who gave his name as George Greenleaf. He was a young man, neatly dressed, of quiet, simple manners, and with an unusual weight of baggage. The practised eye of the landlord ran over these indications of a well-filled purse, and his heart warmed somewhat towards his guest at once; but he rubbed his bony hands, and moved his thin lips with a quiet, purring satisfaction, when he learned that the new-comer would probably remain a month or two. The best room was forthwith prepared, and the guest comfortably installed therein.

By the south window, overlooking the street and the river beyond, the stranger sat for an hour before breakfast next morning, and gazed with rapt attention upon the beautiful prospect. On the left, a row of majestic elms, fit emblems of the grave and sombre generation that planted them, overhung the green avenue to the church; and, above their waving, breezy tops, the spire with its burnished vane rose resplendent with

the earliest beams of the sun. To the right, the river rolled rapidly away from the mill-wheel amid a tangled foliage of grape-vines, ivy and alders. Beyond, the vast form of the south-western hill, covered with grazing herds, closed up the view; and, around its base, on the extreme right, the river lay darkening and quiet, as though recovering its energies before rushing upon a new labor in its destined career. The birds have always loved the quiet valley and the beautiful trees of Innisfield; and, knowing nothing of the murderous customs of later times, they daily gladdened the landscape with their vivacious movements, and their joyous, uninterrupted song.

The stranger had never beheld a fairer valley, but he did not evince his delight in words; he was content to gaze in silence. The sweet influences of the morning stole into his heart, like the dew into the flower; and the freshness and beauty of Nature seemed to have been mirrored in the soul of her fond worshipper. How long this reverie would have lasted, it is not easy to say; but it was soon interrupted by the entrance of the landlady, who, impatient to see the young stranger, had herself come, as a mark of special attention, to announce breakfast. She was attired in a morning-gown of calico, (then a rare luxury,) and her head was surmounted by an indescribable mass of folded, yellow batiste, which she probably called a turban. Her face had nothing remarkable, except a discoloration of the upper lip; and her voice, never very musical, perhaps, at once suggested a reason for the yellow hue, for its tones were as thin, and as destitute of any natural resonance, as those of a cracked clarionet. It needed but a glance at the host and hostess, as they sat at the breakfast table, to satisfy their guest as to the question of supremacy. *Incedo regina* was plainly implied in every movement of the stately head, crowned with its vast yellow burden. The soft and affectionate terms of speech she employed, were as thin a covering for their imperious meaning, as was the gauzy batiste for the silvery hairs underneath its ample folds.

The table and its appendages were neat, and the breakfast excellent. Mr. Greenleaf conversed with easy politeness upon the common topics of the day; but he parried with a quiet address the attempts of the curious landlady to learn something of his errand into such a secluded village. After breakfast he walked out with a knapsack or travelling port-folio, and remained until dinner. In the evening he again took his solitary ramble. A month passed, and he continued in the same daily custom. Meanwhile the hostess and other villagers were consumed with the desire of penetrating the supposed mystery of the stranger's life; yet such was the manly simplicity of his manners, joined with a hardly perceptible reserve—a reserve that inspired respect rather than awakened suspicion—that all who came within the charmed circle which surrounded him, though baffled in their curiosity, instinctively yielded their homage, as to a superior being.

Under the shadow of the elms on the western border of the common stood a large old house, once painted cream color, but, at the date of this sketch, turned by mould and moss to a dingy brown. In front, the slope was easy to the placid pond above the mill, and in the rear, a tasteful garden extended a short distance up the hill which overhangs the village on the north. Here dwelt the school-master, a grave widower of fifty,

and his only daughter. The school-house was at the opposite end of the common, just beyond the church, whose new spire showed so fairly among the dense foliage. This dwelling-house, with a few acres of smooth meadow adjacent to the village, were the sole property of the school-master, and of that he was merely 'tenant by courtesy,' in the jargon of the lawyers. The labor of the summer sufficed to gather a supply of the ordinary necessities of life; and, to eke out this frugal income, the scanty pay of a village teacher in early times was his sole dependence.

The villagers knew the good school-master's name to be Augustus Lee; they knew he was a faithful and kind dominie, and that no man ever doated upon a daughter more tenderly than he upon his darling Alice. Some had seen the ponderous books and the mysterious instruments that filled the curious oaken secretaries in the master's library; and there were not wanting some among the rude and uninformed, to whom such black-letter folios and uncanny apparatus, gathered in a sombre apartment, carried an ill-defined and secret awe. Nor were such vague terrors likely to be at all diminished by the appearance of the skull which always rested on an antique cabinet, and, with sternly clenched teeth and hollow eyes, seemed striving to stare the beholder to stone. But none of the people, whether more or less intimate, seemed to recognize the rare intellect, the original genius, which was doomed to the daily drudgery of the village school.

Alice, the scholar's bright-eyed daughter, motherless from infancy, had received a father's care only; and how faithfully he had discharged his duty, only the self-denial, the toil, and the almost feminine solicitude of fifteen years could witness. With a vigorous physical system, developed by habitual exercise in the open air; with fine native talents, trained and expanded by constant contact with her father's superior intellect; with a soul of tenderness and sensibility; and with a rare symmetry of features, to which her physical and mental culture gave at once the glow of perfect health, and an air of intelligence and grace; with such advantages of person and education, no wonder that the orphan, Alice Lee, was the favorite of all the good matrons in the village, or that her father was so often seen regarding her with a look of unutterable pride and affection.

At the age of sixteen, while most school-girls were toiling over arithmetic, embroidering tiresome 'samplers,' or vainly wrestling with the construction of obdurate sentences, the scholar's daughter, already versed in the principles of mathematics, and familiar to a considerable extent with the ancient languages, was a companion in his daily studies, and shrank not from the abstruse theories of the schoolmen, nor from the conflicting commentaries upon the classics and the Scriptures. But with the maturity of coming womanhood was blended the playful grace of the child; and, when at evening the books were restored to their ancient cases, her buoyant spirits would break forth in the merriest laughs and the fondest endearments. If an angel had looked in at those antique windows, during such a time of recreation, it could not have been without delight. Nay, it seemed, as the flickering light played on the serene face of Plato and the stern features of Demosthenes, that even the slier

marble broke into smiles while looking down upon a scholar so blest.

But, though the orphan was rich in the treasures of learning, of the knowledge of the world, that tree of good and evil, she knew nothing. Taught only the pure precepts of philosophy, and the perfect law of love, she was child-like in her trustfulness, and ignorant of the evil that so often gnaws at the core of the fairest seeming character. Into her own heart she looked, as into the placid face of the village pond; all was clear and bright, and heaven lay mirrored there in unruffled beauty. The storm had never yet swept over it, to break its tranquillity, and to arouse the unsuspected tides of passion beneath its fair surface.

A bold rock projects over the mountain side, from which nearly the whole village of Innisfield is visible. Below, the forest had been partially cleared, so that there was no obstruction to the view. Alice often rambled over the mountain in search of wild flowers, and to gather the twigs of the fragrant birch and the young roots of the aromatic sassafras. One afternoon she took her accustomed stroll, and, descending from the summit a short distance to the overhanging rock, stood gazing at the familiar scene below. The sun was about setting, and the long shadows of the trees were reflected in the pond, as though to adorn a nether landscape. Not a breeze was in motion; the man-like vane rested from its weary evolutions, and glowed with a richer light as the sun drew near the golden gates of the west. The beautiful valley! The sketcher cannot by word-painting depict its dreamy repose; it must be portrayed by a true artist; his practised hand alone, obedient to the sense of beauty in the soul, may reproduce the picturesque scene over which Alice hung.

And it was reproduced. Just at her right hand, seated under a clump of shrub oaks, was a painter with an open port-folio, busily touching an exquisite picture of the valley. It was the new-comer at the village inn, George Greenleaf. So light were the footsteps of Alice, and so completely absorbed was the artist with his work, that he had not observed her until she uttered an exclamation of delight, as she chanced to look at the picture. He raised his eyes, and at first would have concealed his work. He had effectually shunned observation for a month, and would have gladly departed unknown as he came. But an impulse, which he did not stop to question or analyze, stayed his hand, and the picture still lay upon the rude, extempore easel. It would seem that we are often the quiet instruments, rather than the arbiters of our fate; that we are the recipients of an occult and overmastering influence, before which pride and resolution vanish, and the soul yields without question.

'I'm glad you are a painter,' said Alice, with unaffected simplicity.

'And why?' asked Greenleaf.

'Because this is a glorious prospect, and I have always wanted to see it fairly drawn.'

'But that is not *quite* to the point. You say you are glad that *I* am a painter.'

'Oh, it is not worth telling, perhaps, but there are people who think that all they don't fully know must be wrong! Some of them have wondered at your stopping so long in this little village; and a few super-

stitious folks shake their heads doubtfully, when they see you go into the woods every day with your satchel.'

'Do they, indeed? But you wander here alone, it seems.'

'Me!—I love the woods. I feel a new life under these grand oaks and solemn-whispering pines. I talk to them, and they seem to answer me, and wave all their green tops over me in gladness.'

'Why, you talk like an angel!'

'No; angels do not talk to men, as they once did. Father says they may, perhaps, visit us again, if our lives are pure and our souls transparent.'

Greenleaf felt rebuked. Here was a maiden, nearly come to womanhood, who did not know what flattery meant. He turned his picture toward her.

'How do you like it?' said he.

'It is beautiful; the church, the river, the trees, hills; all but the sunset. You have not painted those great rose-colored clouds, nor those bars of crimson, edged with gold, nor the amber hues of the sky above them.'

'My palette has no colors with which to mock the glories of sunset. But, my little wood-nymph, where did you learn to criticise paintings?'

'My father, the school-master, has a few pictures. The wood-nymphs, I suspect, have been long ago frightened away by our rough wood-choppers. I have never met one, though I used to call them till the echoes rung again.'

Thinking she had talked quite long enough with a stranger, she turned to leave, but stopped as he spoke again.

'In finishing this sketch, I could not but notice the peculiar vane on the church-spire. How came it to be of such a shape?'

'You will but laugh if I tell you.'

'How so? Was it the master-piece of some rustic blacksmith, who strove to forge out an immortality for himself on his sounding anvil?'

'No; at least, I do not know who made it. It is but a few years since it was put up: I remember the day. A stranger brought the vane, and gave it to the church. He affected some mystery about his movements; and his singular air, the unusual shape of the vane, and its horrid creaking, all gave rise to some odd conjectures among our old people.'

'And pray, what may they be?'

'Why, some people pretend to believe that the 'arch-enemy' brought our former wicked minister, and put him on the pivot for a vane, that he may swing over the church which he profaned as long as it stands.'

'And I suppose there are a plenty of old women who have seen him squirm on stormy nights, when witches and other wild fowl are sailing about!'

'Oh, yes, such stories are current here.'

'Capital! I'll paint the steeple in a storm, with all due adornments. Thank you for the story. Do n't mention my profession to any but your father.'

It was nearly night, and the painter returned home with an exhilarated pulse and a bounding step. The rustic legend, or some other subtle influence, kept his mind fixed upon the unlooked-for interview with the maiden. With the first dawn he awoke; the accessories of the picture

had been planned during sleep, and with a few rapid strokes, the spire, with the struggling man impaled on it, with witches, bats, and divers other fearful shapes around it, and with clouds as wild as the dishevelled locks of the storm-king sweeping over it, was boldly and powerfully depicted.

One evening, not long after, when the children came down the street rejoicing from school, the painter took his picture of the spire, and his sketch of the village, and walked toward the school-master's house. Mr. Lee was sitting under the great elm, and his daughter, as usual, was by his side. At Greenleaf's approach, she rose gracefully and without embarrassment, and bade him welcome. Her father had heard of their chance meeting with some secret regret, but a glance at the open and ingenuous face of his visitor reassured him, and, at his bidding, Mr. Greenleaf entered the house. The pictures were first admired, for Alice remembered the painter's promise, and prevailed on him to open his portfolio at once. In a few minutes, conversation was in rapid progress. Such men as Augustus Lee and George Greenleaf could not meet without creating a strong mutual interest. Their minds were cast in different moulds; still, it would not be easy to determine which was the superior in natural gifts. Lee was profoundly learned; the painter's information, though perhaps as varied, was not as minute and accurate. The one had devoted himself to books, the other was a student of Nature, and her glorious beauty had filled his soul as with a visible presence. Thus finely balanced in their organizations, the new friends conversed until a late hour, each separating with a cordial regard. Alice, as was her custom when her father had visitors, listened with eager attention, but took no part in the conversation.

A change, hardly perceptible to himself, came over the painter. His taste for sketching landscapes began to lose its exquisite relish. The woods were not less beautiful to his eye, nor their mystical influences less potent over his soul. The skies still hung with changeless beauty over the valley; and the pomp of morning, and the Assyrian splendors of evening, still touched the hidden springs of poetry; so that the full heart had but to speak, and its glowing thoughts, like molten glass, would have issued, to be crystalized in forms of perennial grace.

But the children of art, in all their various spheres, are haunted by a vague sense of the unattained. The 'vision' is glorious, but for its perfect representation the 'faculty' is not often completely 'divine.' Years before, forms of beauty had hovered over the painter in his earliest attempts in his art; but their changeful, evanescent images, had always eluded his grasp. They seemed to allure him with graceful smiles, and then dissolve into air; he could not reproduce them upon his canvas. Weary with fruitless efforts to arrest and embody these subtle and enchanting *eidola*, he turned to the more tangible charms of nature; and in the quiet enjoyment of sketching actual scenes, strove to forget the opal-hued dreams that had mocked him. Now, however, the visions of former days returned with an unwonted vividness; they hung over his pillow by night, and the glare of day did not dissipate them. Bright eyes looked at him from every flower; and if he turned to the skies, forms of ethereal grace bent over him from every summer cloud. Impelled by a new and unaccount-

able enthusiasm, he took his implements, and upon a piece of canvas he had prepared for a view from Holyoke, not many miles distant, he commenced the head of a Madonna. The child who first sees the lines made by a stick of phosphorus, glowing in the dark upon a wall, could not be more surprised than was Greenleaf with the outlines which his rapid pencil had traced. As the thoughtful features of the Virgin MOTHER were brought out, stroke by stroke, the canvas seemed instinct with life. The picture regarded him almost like a human soul, with its calm eyes and open brow. It seemed to Greenleaf that he had evoked a spirit, and that its impalpable presence was now made manifest in the form he had created. The day passed, the village bustled through its usual routine, and the painter yet stood before his easel, still fixed, as by fascination, upon the marvellous beauty of that face, whose spell had scarcely less of awe than of gladness for him, now that twilight gradually stole into the apartment. Duskiest still grew the shadows, and the painter yet gazed; and it was not until night fell, wrapping all objects in indistinguishable gloom, that he awoke from his reverie, remembered the long hours of labor, and was conscious of the prostration that always follows a season of protracted excitement.

The painter was now in a new world. Satisfied hitherto with delineations of picturesque scenery, such as Innisfield and its vicinity afforded, he now remained in his chamber, and exulted in his newly-found powers. When the devotee first lifts his eyes under the lofty dome of St. Peter's, he is oppressed by the sense of vastness, and is lost in the unimagined wealth of architecture around; but his soul, if he be a true man, soon expands and fills the great temple, as though it were to be the place of his daily abode. Greenleaf began at once to turn his thoughts backward to the great artists, whose fame had before appeared to him like the radiance of the inaccessible stars. Now, in the exulting confidence of youth, they seemed his brethren; he would clasp their hands, and claim a place in their immortal circle. Greenleaf's knowledge of art as derived from the study of great works was not very extensive. The country had not then a reputable gallery, and pictures in private collections are rarely accessible to young artists. The world-renowned galleries of Florence and of the Vatican now contained for our painter more attractions than the treasures of Aladdin's cave. The thought came instantly; he would visit Italy. He would give the fullest development to his powers, by the immediate contact of genius. He would study the great masters, and who could say how far their transatlantic pupil would be ultimately surpassed? The idea shot a fiery exhilaration along his nerves; and under its influence every glimpse of the glorious future brought a subtle and delicious joy. Italy! Italy!—he would see Italy! And he walked the room with an elastic step, his right hand brandishing a brush, his hair and apparel uncared for, and his eye glowing with a preternatural light. In the height of his enthusiasm, the door opened, and the yellow turban was revealed in its full proportions. The good landlady, surprised at the wild expression of her hitherto gentle boarder, at his furious gestures, and at the many faces which now regarded her from the walls around, could do nothing more than stare; for her one hand was engaged in slipping her snuff-box under her check apron, while

the thumb and finger of the other were arched together significantly, and arrested half way to her nose. But words soon came.

'Bless me, Mr. Greenleaf, I thought you might be sick! I rapped and rapped: and then, think-says-I, I'll jest look in, for maby you might be sufferin'.'

The thumb and finger were here elevated to the right position, and relieved of their burden: the check apron followed, and duly removed from the lip whatever failed to be drawn up by the powerful nasal current.

The painter looked down from the ceiling. Raphael was no longer there, nor Titian; the glorious company had vanished. St. Peter's dome no longer rose in the distance; and instead of the warm tints of an Italian landscape, the clear, bright atmosphere of New-England encircled him. He looked around the room, and his pictures, Sybils, Madonnas, Nymphs, Graces, were all disenchanted; although far excelling in merit any of his previous productions, yet how far were they below his ideal! He had descended from the clouds, and stood once more upon the earth, without being conscious of the agency that had transported him. During this process, which took somewhat longer than the time usually allotted for making a reply to a civil question, the good woman inwardly wondered whether he were not becoming demented. When, at last, he perceived his hostess, scarcely attempting to conceal her astonishment, he blushed, stammered, and was only relieved by her kindly garrulity.

'Would he have a cup of tea, or a glass of wine?'

'Neither: he was quite well.'

After a period, mutual confidence was restored, and the landlady made a tour of the room, inquiring with a pleased curiosity concerning the pictures, which had been dashed off the last week as rapidly as though they had been so many tavern-signs. Greenleaf attempted to comply; but his explanations drew in so much of heathen mythology on the one hand, and of Catholic tradition on the other, that between them both the good woman was completely confounded. It was the first time these classic stores had been opened to her, and her suspicions of the painter's sanity were by no means lulled as she listened to what seemed his improbable stories. But a bright idea struck her, and with the kindly instincts of her sex, she hastened to impart it.

'But if these picters, Mr. Greenleaf, are all for different folks, as you say, why upon airth did you paint 'em all so much alike? That gal now, (whose clothes you are going to paint bime-by, I hope,) is jest for all this world like Alice Lee; jest so pretty and kind o' modest-like. And then that other woman, with the bright ring over her head, jest like the bow to my old c'lash, she looks like her too, only older, and more sort o' stiddy-like. All on 'em look like her. Well, I have *my* 'spicions. You do 'nt need no medicine: you 'll tough it out, I dare say.'

The turban waved in the door-way a moment, like a yellow holly-hock in the breeze, and the painter was left alone.

Was the painter's mystery solved? Truly, there is more than one secret which is beyond the power of man to conceal effectually, at least from woman. The world has neither nook nor corner where a man may bestow his thought, and say it is safe. The winds will whisper it; the

trees will refuse to be silent; echo will catch the name that fills his heart, while it yet struggles for utterance. But most of all, if he be an artist, the works of his hand will betray him. He must follow the inner sense, for he cannot paint mechanically: every touch will be eloquent, so that those who run may read.

But Greenleaf had been occupied by influences, effects, and had not stopped to look back for their cause. He was rejoiced to be able to portray the fair shapes that once came only to mock him; and not being in the habit of any rigid introspection, he had not fathomed the obvious cause of his unwonted energy and enthusiasm. The truth was now brought to him through a homely medium, but it struck a responsive chord. So true is it, that a guess at a venture is often surer than the subtlest speculations of the metaphysician.

The next day Mr. Greenleaf took his accustomed walk, and, in returning at dusk, called upon his friend the school-master. His heart bounded as Alice arose to greet him; for his regard for her had gradually strengthened, until now it seemed to control every impulse of his being. Still he maintained a firm self-possession, and conversed with her father as usual, though it must be confessed that his eyes wandered occasionally. Their conversation turned upon the causes of failure and success in life. The painter listened to the acute reasoning and nice distinctions in which Mr. Lee's mind was so much at home, and as he heard, wondered why an intellect at once so subtle and so comprehensive, developed by the most intense study, and joined to a fair personal appearance, had remained in obscurity, to leave no impress of its power on the age. With as much art as his frank and ingenuous nature could command, the painter led the way to learn something of his friend's history. Mr. Lee seemed communicative, and related a few instances of his life, which we here condense, retaining the form of the first person.

'I have had just what advantages my own labor could procure for me. How well I have improved them, it matters not now at my time of life—only to remember! During the year or two preceding the outbreak of the colonies, I was a lawyer, and a hearty supporter of the people's cause. My practice was respectable, and increasing. To satisfy my restless temperament, I wrote frequently—habitually, I might say—and acquired, perhaps, some point and vigor in style. While in my chamber, committing to paper the thoughts that burned within me for utterance, it seemed to me that in the forum I might give at least as free an expression to my aspirations for freedom, and my hopes for the regeneration of the world. I felt an ardor that promised to overcome all difficulties. This inward glow I thought was the only thing requisite. It was a great mistake. Demosthenes had as fiery a soul, conceptions as glowing, and a chain of logic as perfect, *in his own mind*, when he was hissed from the Athenian stage, as when afterward he shook the throne of Macedon by his denunciations. Nothing but laborious practice enabled him to grasp, clothe and present his images, and to follow without interruption the course of his argument. I failed, as you might suppose. Men whose reasoning faculties I did not particularly envy, spoke almost nightly in Faneuil Hall, and the applause of the multitude shook the walls at every period. My personal friends raised a feeble complimentary cheer

once or twice, but it was evident that I had no hold upon the populace. Either my notions were too fine-drawn, or my manner failed to inspire enthusiasm. The inward fervor, and its outward sign, are not always correlative. While full of feeling, so as hardly to control my voice, men thought my manner cold. The sentiments which were received as tame truisms when I uttered them, though in a voice loud enough to be clearly heard, were greeted with tremendous shouts when repeated by some Boanerges. The groundlings, as well as some others who ought to know better, demand that a passion shall be torn to tatters; and he who fails to minister to such tastes must not hope to become a popular orator.'

'You did not abandon the people's cause?'

'By no means. I resigned myself to what I supposed was my fate with a mute despair. My dreams were dispelled; but, concluding that if I could not talk, I might certainly fight, I entered the army as a private, and served four years in various capacities. That sword yonder has the names of a few engagements engraven on its battered blade. At last I received a severe flesh-wound, and retired from the service. This little hamlet caught my attention when a homeless wanderer, and any villager can tell you my brief history here.'

Greenleaf was silent and pensive, as though he had found a column with its sculptured capital prostrate in the woods. He looked down the darkening street, while the school-master sat with a tear in his eye, and his arm around his only daughter. And as the fond father looked in her lustrous eyes, beaming on him with affection, his proud yet tremulous glance seemed to say, 'Here I am repaid for the forsaken world!'

As Greenleaf walked home, he could not conceal from himself the fact, that he loved the daughter of the school-master with his whole soul. But his lips at least had never betrayed his secret to her; their intercourse had been frank and unrestrained; and he would not have wronged the trusting father by seeking to win the sole object of his affection, without his free consent. The painter had counted upon raising money by the sale of his pictures (when transferred from his paste-board sketches) in New-York and London, to enable him to proceed to Rome; but, if he now yielded to the current of his present impulses, that course was plainly impossible; for he was poor, as the world rates poverty, and the school-master was far from being rich. It was the turning-point of his life. On the one hand was the goal of his ambition; on the other, the object of his love; Italy and a hope for immortality, or a quiet home and a peerless wife. While occupied with his pictures, or while reading the triumphs of the great masters of his art, his soul was consumed with the desire to follow their brilliant career; and he seemed to spurn the time and the toil that must intervene between the new world and the classic ground whither his aspirations tended. But one glimpse of Alice Lee was sufficient to overset his ambition and its auxiliary philosophy; and, in room of his dreams of fame, came the vision of a fair rustic Eden, of which she was ever the enchanting Eve.

Weeks passed, and Greenleaf was still between contending influences; but such a strife could not be long protracted; circumstances soon compelled him to act, and to decide his destiny. Mrs. Harwood, the landlady, had always scorned the character of being a gossip; 'She had no

tales to tell of her guests, not she; she had two daughters, likely gals, and she would n't like to hear *them* talked about.' Such common-places, with the air of mystery which some women like to affect, the significant nods, the manner which says so plainly, 'I could if I chose; I know more than I care to tell:' all these were sufficient for a circle whose smallest actions were under a vigilant mutual inspection. The stranger's visits to the house of Mr. Lee were, as a matter of course, well known; and the mysterious airs of the landlady furnished a foundation for various edifying rumors. This idle gossip soon reached the painter through Zebulon, the landlord. His determination was speedily formed; he would go at once. Other motives coincided; for summer was now nearly spent, and there would not be more than time enough to prepare for the voyage; a matter of far greater consequence half a century ago, dear reader, than a trip in one of Collins's steam-ships at this day.

Wishing to give a few more touches to his sketch of the village, Greenleaf walked up the hill one afternoon, and approached his accustomed resting-place. But he was not alone. Alice had preceded him only by an hour, and was seated under an oak near by, reading. Their surprise was mutual as he approached. After a few words of conversation, he sat down to his task. Alice was seated a few feet behind him, upon the trunk of a fallen tree, so that she could look over his shoulder; and if he failed in making a correct transcript of the scene, it must be attributed to his bounding pulse and tense nerves, rather than to any want of appreciation of the landscape. A hundred times a torrent of words was ready to escape from his lips; but he heroically resolved to conquer himself; and he continued to talk, as calmly, to outward appearance, as usual, although his whole soul was rent by the strife within. The sketch was finished; still he remained rooted to the spot; and, though hourly and momentarily dooming himself to exile, a joyous thrill ran through every fibre as the music of her voice fell upon his ear. An eagle flew from a tree near by, and rose with a majestic sweep to the clear blue fields of the upper air. At the rushing sound of the broad wings, Alice rose and pointed to the receding form.

'Look, how he rises! Like the strong will of a great Soul soaring above difficulties, or like a genius to his native skies!'

These words would have inspired the unhappy painter with fresh courage, if they had been spoken by lips less fair; the hand, too, and extended arm, which pointed to the eagle, were so exquisitely moulded, that the painter could not control his secret admiration. Catching her hand, that he might look upon its faultless proportions, he asked her, for a feint, if she had faith in palmistry? A laughing negative was the reply, and a whole row of pearls was displayed before the wavering questioner, now fast losing his courage. After finishing his examination, he ran through the usual predictions of fortune-tellers, and, raising the hand to his lips, 'The witch's usual fee, Alice,' he said with a smile, while his heart seemed to rise in his throat. His resolution faltered: Italy was far, and fame was often but a delusive phantom; and here was the woman created and destined for him. Should he resign such a prize, or even a hope of winning it, for a mere dream? A moment more, and the painter had been lost. But he repressed his emotion with a mighty

effort, and looked up to the skies for a moment of self-possession. The tide of passion subsided, and the full, strong current of his native energy rushed in. He lost not a moment, but arranged his port-folio, and descended the hill in advance of his companion.

Not daring to trust himself to another interview with Alice, Greenleaf thought it best to call at once and take leave of her father, before her return. The painter's hopes and desires were not unknown to Mr. Lee, but the latter was not aware that his young friend's departure was to be so speedy. In a few words, Greenleaf thanked him for his kindness, and spoke of the possibility of a future meeting with hope. The fervor of his manner was not lost upon Mr. Lee; but, if the father divined the secret cause, he kept his own counsel.

By the mail, whose weekly trip occurred the next day, George Greenleaf left Innisfield, with totally new aims, and with brighter hopes, but yet with memories whose mingled delight and sorrow only he could know. The necessary preparations were soon made, and he set sail for Italy, intending to be absent five years. With high hopes he set forth; the world was all before him: the consciousness of undeveloped powers stimulated him; and of the many glorious visions of the future, surely, *all* could not prove delusive.

But his thoughts were by no means so buoyant, when adding five years to the age of Alice Lee. What events, natural and probable in themselves, but terrible and unnamable to him, might not occur from sixteen to twenty-one, the period of woman's freshest and most captivating charms? What rustic beaux might not sue for the hand which his lips once pressed; the hand now perhaps lost to him for ever! He could not pursue the thought farther; even at its first view, his spirits sank like the barometer before the storm. But the vessel heaved steadily on, and the intensity of the painter's feelings soon wore off. And whether, like most men, he gradually lost the memory of the beautiful maiden, the first sincere object of his love, so that her face became to him like a cloudy, indistinct daguerreotype, laid by in some forgotten crypt; or whether he ever after cherished her image, as the lake 'bears on its breast the pictured moon, pearled round with stars,' and trusted to his pure and loyal faith to preserve the power in his art which it had brought him—let the future say: if, perchance, I, or some other, shall trace his farther progress in life.

But unless some romancer, dear reader, shall enlighten you on this point, I fear greatly it will remain unwritten. History is not for such matters; it is occupied more profitably in detailing murders at wholesale. And though the wise man long ago said that 'he who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;' yet while successful besiegers, from Demetrius Poliorcetes down, have been honored with the historian's attention and the world's applause, the many heroes, victorious over themselves, are passed by unnoticed.

Was Alice's heart meanwhile untouched? I dare not, as a voracious chronicler of our little village, undertake to assert that it was not. Still, if her bosom had throbbed with new and delightful emotions, she hardly knew why; and her maidenly peace, though at first disturbed by the sudden departure of her friend, soon recovered its wonted placidity.

The old gentleman continued in the same even course: he was quiet and happy, for gossip had nothing whereon to feed; and, that annoyance ended, the world had not a sorrow for him. Every evening, after his labors in the school, or on his little farm, he sat under the patriarchal elm, or by the blazing fire in his library, and his bright-eyed daughter was never away from his side.

‘O U R P A T H S D I V I D E .’

ALL things are changing, even thou!
 I fondly hoped we might elude
 The pang that we are suffering now
 In this our last vicissitude,
 And glide apart on Life's broad sea,
 Like ships at night — unconsciously.

I knew that, woman as thou art,
 A tide which thou couldst ne'er control
 Must rise upon thy maiden heart,
 And sweep my image from thy soul:
 As well return to ocean's strand,
 To seek one's foot-prints in the sand.

Mine was a passionate good-will:
 And, ever waking in my breast,
 I felt a yearning and a thrill,
 Which mournfully I hushed to rest;
 For the frank interest in thine eyes,
 True to itself, ne'er sought disguise.

When I was sad with any care,
 With any grief, and came to thee,
 Thou wouldst so sorrowfully share
 The burden which was laid on me,
 That I forgot all other pain,
 To soothe and make thee glad again.

And when I strove to tell thee aught
 Beyond the reach of words, thy face
 Became a picture of my thought,
 And gave the shadow life and grace:
 Until its beauty seemed to be,
 That it was listened to by thee.

With an increasing tenderness,
 E'en now thy spirit seems to grieve,
 And vainly struggle to confess
 The change itself can scarce believe:
 Still seeking, by some gentle art,
 To teach my soul that we must part.

Thus, while a warmth from earlier days,
 Whose brightness we should else forget,
 Is lingering, with the golden haze
 Of Indian Summer, round us yet:
 Our paths divide, and leave the scene
 We trod together, ever green!

M. W.

L O N E L Y H O U R S .

How still and cold it is to-night!
The moon hath hid her silver light,
But all the starry hosts burn bright
From east to west.

Now from the lone deserted street
There comes no sound of busy feet:
The crowds that here by day I meet
Are gone to rest.

Ah! what a change the Night brings on!
She claims all Nature for her own:
Nor in the outward world alone
We feel her sway.

He who at morn in eager haste
With thronging multitudes here pressed,
Now, thoughtful, o'er a gloomy waste
Pursues his way.

Hark! through the still and wintry air,
A sound by day I scarce can hear,
Booms o'er the darkness loud and clear:
The clock tells one!

And answers from each neighboring bell
From tower to tower in chorus swell,
Till the last laggard sounds the knell,
And all are done.

Who watches o'er the slumberer's bed,
While lies at rest his weary head?
Is it the man whose measured tread
I hear draw nigh?

Oh! no: there is an unseen Power
That guards the still unconscious hour,
And while Night's shadows o'er us lower,
Stoops from on high.

Now, looking on the worlds above,
My thoughts in paths celestial move,
Musing on one whom still I love,
Though from me gone.

I think how glorious, how bright
That *Crrv*, where she walks in light;
There is no slumber, there no night:
Her work is done!

Yet was she once a pilgrim here,
Encompassed by each earthly care.
Storms swept her pathway: bleak and drear,
The way seemed long.

But on a dark and suffering day,
As sank the flesh amidst decay,
Angels her spirit bore away
To join their song.

She spoke not, saw not as she passed:
Death had so dark a shadow cast
Over the flickering flame at last,
And quenched her sight.

But by the life that she had led,
We knew, while weeping o'er her dead,
When the sweet spirit from us fled,
Whither its flight.

Not that she sinless lived, or won
Salvation by her works. Alone,
Oh, none shall stand before Thy throne,
And be forgiven.

Wrapt in CHRIST's righteousness, by faith
She lived, she yielded up her breath;
In Him she triumphed over Death,
And entered Heaven!

EPIGRAMA.

C H A R L O T T E M A Y .

BY FRANCIS COPCUTT

'WE are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little lives are rounded with a sleep.'

'MOTHER,' said Lottie May, 'my head aches, and feels very, very warm.
What can be the matter?'

'You are feverish, love, and require rest.'

So Mrs. May gave her child some herb-tea, and placed her in her little bed.

In the night, the mother was awakened by a little groan, and lay and listened half unconsciously for a few moments; then she heard the groan again.

'It's Lottie,' she said to herself; and springing softly from her bed, for fear of disturbing the child, she stepped to the side of its bed and whispered:

'Lottie!'

'Is that you, mother?'

'What's the matter, Lottie?'

'My head hurts me a little, mother;' and she groaned again as she clasped her hot hands over her soft, brown hair. 'Will you give me some water, mother?'

Mrs. May's hand trembled so that she could hardly pour out the water;

but Lottie could not lift herself up to drink it, and the mother held her; then she lit the gas.

'My God!' she exclaimed to herself, as she saw the red and purple cheeks, the large dark eyes, now larger than ever, and bloodshot; the vacant, wild look, and the little hands clasped tightly on the top of her head.

'Lottie! Lottie! Charlotte!' said Mrs. May; but Lottie did not answer for some moments; then she opened her eyes suddenly, more widely than ever, and said:

'Oh, mother, I've seen an angel, and its face was like yours; and there were two great wings, and glory all round it, mother; and it called, Lottie, Lottie, Lottie.'

Mrs. May trembled again, but she did not show it, or change her countenance before her child.

Then she rang the bell for her maid, and told her to call John, and send him for Dr. Mason immediately; then she bathed the little sufferer in cold water, and laid her on the bed again until the Doctor came.

'WHEN was she taken, Mrs. May?' said Dr. Mason.

'She went to bed feverish; I was awakened an hour ago by the child's groans, and found her so.'

'What have you done?'

'Bathed her in cold water; that is all.'

'All wrong,' said the Doctor; and he felt her pulse, gave her some calomel, told Mrs. May to keep her very warm, and the windows closed, and went home again, wondering why people would get sick at night, he did so hate night-practice; or if they must be sick, why could they not wait until morning to be treated.

Lottie lay in an unquiet doze, and Mrs. May sat by her side all the long night. Oh, how her heart yearned for her child! and she prayed silently that the flower might not be gathered from her; indeed, she never knew how much she loved her little idol until now, when the shadow of Death loomed up like a black cloud on the horizon of her imagination, at which she looked with sickening anxiety. Would it bring thunder, and lightning, and destruction, or pass on with but a genial shower, leaving fresh greenness and life in its path? Was it the shadow of Death, or did the all-devouring tyrant himself hover near? And she grasped the child's hand, as she thought of the angel's calling, 'Lottie, Lottie, Lottie,' as if she would so keep Heaven from taking away her treasure; and in the long night-watches it recurred again and again; and each time her heart ceased to beat, a feeling of dread and awe overpowered her, and a tremor passed over her frame like the feeling from sudden fright in the darkness; yet apart from her child there was no fear in that mother's heart: she felt that she could part with life itself to save her little one.

At last the long, weary, desolate night had gone, and the sun shone into the room fitfully as the clouds passed over it.

Lottie opened her eyes, and looked up at her mother, and at the sunshine, and put her arms round her mother's neck, and said, in a low, weak, gentle voice:

'What's the matter, mother? You look so sick! I'm not ill now, mother; my headache's gone.' Then she looked up at the sun again and said: 'Mother, I'll get up now.' The mother's heart beat wildly with hope as she spoke, but the child could not move.

'But, mother, I'm better, a great deal better; I'm only a little sick. Kiss me, mother. I saw you by my bed last night, but couldn't speak then.'

She breathed harder from the effort she had made, and lay perfectly still, except her large eyes, which followed every movement of her mother about the room.

Then Dr. Jones came, and shrugged his shoulders at what had been done, though he declined interfering, but Mrs. May insisted, and called in old Dr. Armour, the friend of her father's youth also; and the three doctors met and 'consulted' about the poor girl.

And Lottie was sometimes worse, and at others better; and at times she knew no one, not even her poor mother. It almost broke her heart to see the child stare at her so vacantly, and say such strange things. Then her eyes would change, and she would look up in her mother's face and smile, and be again her own dear Lottie.

In this manner two solemn, sad, and weary days of hope deferred passed away, and Lottie grew weaker and weaker.

Mrs. MAY sat by the side of her sleeping child hour after hour, and gazed at the shrunken hands, and rough crimson cheeks, and listened to her deep breathing, every breath of which seemed like a groan. Oh, how freely would she have given her life to bring back the hue of health to those fevered cheeks! She took up her embroidery, to try and wile away an hour of this torturing uncertainty, but the needle trembled in her hand, for the work itself was a seat for Lottie's little chair; she could not make a stitch. Then she took up her favorite author, but the letters seemed blurred; she could not distinguish a word; her pen to write, but the tears fell and mixed with the ink—emblem of her fast-coming black despair. Then she knelt by the couch of her child to pray, but she could not; her prayers were the 'groanings which cannot be uttered;' and she arose and went to the window, and looked up towards the sun, but there were clouds over the sky; it seemed as if there were clouds over the sunshine always now. In the street she saw Dr. Jones' and Dr. Mason's gigs approaching; but she left the room, for she began to lose faith in them, and went into the garden, where there was more air to breathe; she sometimes thought she would choke in the rooms, they seemed so small now.

When she came back, Dr. Armour was there also.

'Dr. Armour,' said Mrs. May, with an appealing yet firm look, 'will my child die?'

'Heaven grant she may not!'

'Doctor, I have steeled my heart to bear even her death. *Will my child die?*' And her look became more firm and grave, but she held her hand tightly over her heart.

'I am not omniscient, Madam; your own feelings probably tell you as much as all my science can. *I fear the worst.*'

Mrs. May rose to her feet with a fixed and vacant stare, and moved slowly forward through the rooms. She had never yet in her heart thought that her child would die; woman-like, she had hoped against hope. For a moment she looked round vacantly; then all the scenes of those three days of torture crowded to her brain; the blood-shot eyes, the red, furred cheeks, the breathing a succession of groans, the Doctor's words, his look; and then like a flash of lightning through her brain passed the words, 'Lottie must die,' and she uttered a piercing scream and fell senseless on the floor.

When she came to herself, she was on her bed, and Dr. Armour standing by her. Recollection returned, and she said, with an unnatural calmness which startled him:

'Doctor, is my child dead?'

'Not yet. But do not rise, Madam, you are too weak.'

Mrs. May looked at him with a surprised look, then rose and went to her child's bed-side. Lottie knew her mother; and when Mrs. May took her hand, she felt it pulled slightly, and bent down her head until her lips touched those of her child, and she felt them move a little to kiss her; then she tried to speak, but could not; and the mother stood by the side of the bed with glazed eyes, in which were no tears, for she could not weep. Oh, how she wanted to weep, but could not, and her eyes burned her as she gazed at the dying girl.

The doctors stood round in silence, for they knew that she was dying; the mother bent over her in silence, for she felt that she was dying; and the child gasped, and gasped, and a slight gurgle was heard in her throat, and she lifted her head suddenly, and said, with a faint voice, 'Mother!' and fell back on the pillow quite dead.

'God of mercy, help me to bear this!' said Mrs. May. 'ALMIGHTY FATHER, help me to bear this!' and she fell on her knees and clasped her hands in agony.

THE doctors slowly and silently left the room, and went down stairs, and they stepped into the parlor, and shut the door to have a chat before they separated.

Mrs. May started suddenly from her kneeling position, and looked earnestly at her child, last hope of her heart, last link that bound her to earth; and she hurriedly felt her feet, hands, heart, and put her ear down to the still, silent lips, then glided swiftly and noiselessly down stairs, to the back parlor, where the folding-doors were ajar.

' . . . Lower down; the breathing showed that. I was afraid they were to be kept up all night.'

'I think you gave her too much calomel, Mason.'

'Not a bit, not a bit: she should have had more yesterday, instead of your arsenic.'

'Well, well. Curious case.'

'Very.'

'Gentlemen,' said the old gray-headed Dr. Armour, who had wept at the death-bed, and had not spoken before; 'gentlemen, it is unprofessional for me to say so, and late in life to acknowledge it, but this is all wrong somewhere. The child should not have died, and I must . . .'

Mrs. May had been checked by the tone of indifference, almost of levity, of the first speakers; now she threw open the doors, and stood there, drawn to her full height, and with her earnest eyes dilating, with a look that made them shrink as if they had seen a spectre: but she only said:

'Heaven help ye, gentlemen, in your extreme need. Dr. Armour, for God's sake, come back and tell me if the child's dead!'

They returned, but the corpse was growing cold.

Mrs. May clasped her hands round its neck, bent her head over its face, tear after tear rolled down her cheeks, and there she sat through the long night, clinging to the garment that had held her Lottie.

Mrs. May sat by the little coffin that contained her child's form. She had grown much older in the two long, weary, solemn days that Lottie had been dead. She could look at the death-sleep, and the little hands crossed on the bosom, and the closed lids over those dark, expressive eyes, and place fresh roses, and geraniums, and heliotrope, about the calm, life-like corpse, without weeping now; but there was a deep, fixed, almost stern expression of grief on her pale, classic face, which seemed to ask no sympathy, and was feeding on the springs of her own life. She could not pray yet. Often had she fallen on her knees since the little one's last faint 'Mother!' but no utterance followed, for her heart only asked in agony, 'Why, oh, why had He taken away her Lottie?' And thoughts high and deep passed through her mind, of time and space, and heaven and immortality, until imagination had wandered and lost itself in the dim confines which separate thought from the impenetrable mysteries which surround us, until all consciousness of time and space in her present life were lost; and then the question would recur, *did* He take her away, or was she sent, uncalled from the earth, by unholy errors, by poisoning drugs; and she shrank from the question shuddering.

Carriage after carriage drove up to the door, the rooms were filled with friends and acquaintances of the mourner and the mourned, and a solemn-looking man opened the Bible, and read, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!' Then he said many beautiful things about the child, which he had known from its birth; but Mrs. May could not listen, and, sobbing out her anguish, left the room: for *why* had He taken away her Lottie? After the ceremony was over, she returned, and stood by the coffin, and looked at her child for the last time. She thought of all her grace and repose, even amongst her little play-mates, and all her arch and winning ways, and hot tears fell on the cold form. Then they closed the coffin, and placed it in the carriage with Mrs. May alone; she would have it so. They drove slowly down Broadway, and Mrs. May was startled by the noise of carts and omnibuses. It seemed strange that they drove on so furiously while Lottie was carried by; and crowds of people lined the streets, all gay and unheeding. Mrs. May drew down the curtains, and hid them from her sight. They passed over the South Ferry, and so on to Greenwood; and between the beautiful sculptures and white monuments, (standing over buried hopes, like the rainbow over the abyss of the cataract, or the fair face over a crushed heart,) until they came to Lottie's grave. It

was a sweet spot, on the southern side of a gentle rise that overlooked the Bay and Narrows, and caught the first smile of Day, as he rose from the horizon and bathed himself in light; and the last rays of the sun rested on its bosom, while the twilight lingered there when darkness had hidden all below. Lottie had often played on it, and told her mother which was *her corner*. Poor child! she little thought how soon she would take possession; indeed, she always said it with as happy a smile as if she had been immortal, and would never need an earthly resting-place.

Mrs. May remained in the carriage, and when they took the coffin toward the grave, there was again that fixed and glassy look, those tearless eyes. How she longed to keep even the corpse for ever near her!

They lowered the little coffin into the grave, and, as the earth fell on the lid, said, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!' and a little mound marked the place where, down, down in the earth, the fair-haired girl awaited the final reckoning.

They came to Mrs. May as they passed out, but she waved them away, and one after another left, until she was quite alone. Then she descended from the carriage, and went to the grave; and the servant brought a basket of flowers, and wept as he retired, for they all loved Lottie; and Mrs. May bent over the grave, and scattered flowers about it, she felt so wholly desolate, now that they had taken away the last link, the body of her poor child. The sun went down, and the night came on, as she knelt there, and tree and leaf and insect, all were hushed as still as the grave beneath her; and she looked up to the heavens, and saw the stars, like tapers on the pall of darkness which shrouded her, and she gazed and gazed, and her heart longed for a revelation of her child's fate and her own in that mysterious sphere, and her heart was softened as she gazed. Then she bent over the grave again, and took a little flower and put it in her bosom, and thought of her child and its last faint 'Mother!' and the tears came to her eyes, her bursting heart found vent, and she wept, oh, how long and passionately, as if existence itself were welling from her eyelids! Then she looked up again, and the sky seemed to have lost its darkness; and the stars dilated, and seemed to fill the heavens with glory; and her spirit became more rapt and exalted, as if spiritual influences were about her with which she could commune; and her lips were opened at last. She prayed long and earnestly to the FATHER who had taken her idol. She felt now too truly that it had been an *idol*, and she blessed His holy name, and knew *why* he had taken her Lottie. Her mind became more exalted; a transcendent exaltation took possession of her soul, and it seemed to expand super-sensually, until it lost sight of earth and its earthly tenement, and rose to the feeling, the *consciousness of the INFINITE*. She seemed to have a dual existence, a being separate from her being; and looked down on herself, as she knelt at the grave, with an *infinite pity*. (Whether under the direct influence of the 'inspiration of heaven,' or the native powers of her soul drawn from their slumbers by surrounding circumstances, who shall tell?) And her soul expanded in its exaltation, until she felt herself a link between the INFINITE of Holiness and the great Soul of Humanity; and while a feeling of infinite love and pity for mankind took possession of her

soul, their errors and weaknesses shrank into the back-ground: even her own sorrows became vague, undefined, distant, almost little.

This consciousness, this exaltation, vouchsafed to the best of us so rarely, from the low or grovelling for ever barred, may come sometimes perhaps to mothers at the birth of their first-born, oftener at its death. A revelation to great minds at the moment of their best conceptions; to others, at the moment of death, or when death suddenly becomes imminent and near, and fear does not paralyze the soul. Sometimes it comes with the fervid devotion of the worshipper, filled with a holy and living faith; seldom, if ever, in mere religious ecstasy; this, the flash of the torch, soon out and lost; that, like the June sunshine, lighting all things, and drawing them from the earth to warmth and life. But it comes to none without leaving him better, wiser, stronger to endure and bear, and with deeper sympathies for the sufferings and errors of his kind.

Mrs. May knelt there, wrapped in her new existence, hour after hour, far into the night, until her servants were alarmed, and they came and accosted her; but she answered them calmly, and left the grave with a blessed peace in her heart; and they drove over the lonely road, and through the quiet and deserted streets, toward her desolate home, a sad, but a wiser, a better being; for her soul had known the *divine* depth, her heart had become the *sanctuary* of sorrow. God had taken away her loved ones for a time, but he had given his own love in their place, and she wept no more.

U N U S E T A L T E R .

In the land of Greece, that glorious land,
A harp is swept by a female hand,
And e'en the attendant Muses own
The magic of its raptured tone.
But what rude strains are heard, the while,
In yon remote, wild, barbarous isle?
'Tis the Druid's hymn, to the war-god given,
The terrible God of the Druid's heaven.
Awfully fatal those harsh notes sound
In the ear of the victim doomed and bound:
But oh! what changes o'er earth have passed,
Since the reign of the Lord hath come at last!
Druid song and Sappho's lay,
Forgotten and lost, have passed away;
And hark! where the war-god's song was heard,
The air with harmonious sounds is stirred;
Again 'tis a female sweeps the strings,
Angels are listeners while she sings.
Never, oh! never shall pass away,
HEMANS! from earth thy glorious lay;
Over the world to the old time known,
Over the world by the world-finder shown
To Christian men, thy strains have flown
From the barbarous isle so wild and lone!

Schoolcraft, Mich.

E. L. B.

AN EPISTOLARY DAY-DREAM.

COME and see me in the autumn, fruitful season of the year,
 When the days are cool and pleasant, and the evenings long and clear.
 I will meet you at the dépôt, drive you safely all the way:
 Bring no satchel, but your boxes, if you come; pray come to stay!
 'Tis a pleasant drive from Brooklyn, shaded well with way-side trees;
 As you ride, you feel the vigor of the bracing ocean breeze;
 Passing 'loves' of country-houses, nestled lovingly 'mid green,
 And the broad and fruitful orchards lie conveniently between.
 Now the ponies in the sunshine loiter at an even pace;
 Now, a carriage passing quickly urges them to win the race.
 Faster fly our sprightly horses; all around are clouds of dust:
 Do not speak it, if you feel a little natural disgust!
 In the distance, at the turning, spy you not a snowy gate?
 Close beside the 'Lodge' you see it, porticoed and roofed with slate.
 Ah! the portress has been watching; see, the gate is opened wide:
 Gliding slowly o'er the gravel, look around on every side.
 See the turf, how smooth and even, scattered o'er with lofty trees:
 Saw you e'er a knoll so lovely, or the shadows sweet as these?
 There's the arbor, with its fountain, where I love to linger long;
 Just the place, I can assure you, for a sentimental song.
 'Neath that grove of sturdy beeches, on your left and just before,
 KATE and EMMA frolic daily, as we frolicked days of yore.
 Fondly, sadly now I pass them: there my little ERNEST played;
 Hushed his laugh, his bounding footstep passed for ever from the glade!
 Flowers of one long, lonely summer o'er him in beauty wave:
 Half my heart, my precious darling, lieth with thee in the grave!
 Oh, forgive a mother's sadness! do not heed a starting tear,
 Though it falleth on this happiest, merriest day of all the year!

Just behind those alder-bushes, skirting that low, mossy spot,
 Lies a walk all richly shaded, leading to a lonely grot,
 Formed for quiet contemplation, close beside a flowing stream,
 Where the sunlight through the branches casteth many a fitful gleam.
 Here's the house! the horses know it; how they raise their slender ears!
 Two white dresses at the shutters: come and welcome me, my dears!
 This, my first-born, fair and ruddy KATRINE, daughter of my youth;
 In her hazel eyes there gleameth all the light of love and truth.
 How her laughing lips, so ruby, mindeth me of ERNEST's smile!
 Fear not, darling, thy caresses shall me of this gloom beguile.
 Here is EMMA: timid nursling, raise thy modest eyes of blue;
 These brown tresses, softly curling, like her father's are in hue;
 And she has his quiet manners, his enthusiastic fire:
 More may she resemble him, is my fervent, warm desire!
 If a mother e'er can nourish partial feelings in her breast,
 Then I fear—I shame to say it—*she* is loved more than the rest;
 For I feel her father's beauty and his virtues in her shine,
 And I constantly thank Heaven, precious treasure, she is mine!

You are weary: let us enter. Pray, forgive my husband's stay;
 Business called him, in the morning, to the city all the day;
 But before we're dressed for supper he will greet you with delight,
 For he seldom stays till evening, and he'll surely come to-night!
 On your right our parlors lie, neatly furnished, long and wide,
 And the green-house opening from them, with the library beside;
 To the left the nursery, and my sitting-room within:
 Here I work and teach the children, here my daily cares begin.

This deep window, with its settle, hath a very pleasant view
 Of the village of Jamaica, houses, trees, and spires too;
 This flat, open, sandy country to your northern taste is new.
 In the north wing opening from this is your chamber: are you pleased?
 Should the children's noise disturb you, tell me truly when you're teased.
 (Ope the shutters, KATE, my darling.) See, the garden terrace here;
 Cull as many flowers as please you: are you fond of them, my dear?
 You perceive the summer's beauty lingereth here with ten-fold bloom,
 And the zephyrs always bring you through this casement sweet perfume.
 These few pots of monthly roses, and this fragrant mignonette
 Are for you to care for daily, prune and water—don't forget!
 Pray forgive my seeming counsel, but I like that all should learn,
 In performing daily duties, gratefully to pleasure turn.
 (Come, my children, let us leave her; father must be very nigh.)
 Half an hour, dear, to supper: look your loveliest—now good-bye!

How that snowy dress becomes you with the lilies in your hair!
 Years have added to your graces, while they rob me every where.
 Pleasant days come back to me as I see you thus arrayed;
 But to show you thus to WALLACE, I am really afraid.
 Do come with me to the study; he has gone himself before:
 We will watch him, ere we enter, at the open green-house door.
 Quickly, lightly through the parlors; do not linger 'mong the flowers;
 You shall see them other seasons, you shall tend them other hours:
 Two broad steps to mount—bend nearer: can you plainly see within?
 There he sits beside the table: doesn't he look pale and thin?
 This long day at town has tired him; I am sorry he has been.
 He has pushed his book before him, with his glossy head reclined
 'Gainst the chair-back—love and firmness in his lifted eyes enshrined.
 Saw you e'er a face so noble, or a mien so proudly grand?
 Yet he has the gentlest, truest, kindest heart in all the land.
 He has gathered here around him learned books from all the world,
 And his own bright genius o'er them like a banner lies unfurled.
 He can speak in every language, and he has a poet's pen,
 And for much and varied learning is he honored among men.
 Though he ranks with proud and wealthy by his gentle, unstained birth,
 And though sweet to know him honored, sweeter far to know his worth!
 Heaven has blessed me with its bounties: wealth the needy to supply,
 Many friends, both true and tender, station, home, and health have I;
 Blessed my home with three sweet children, tenderly, most dearly loved,
 Yet of all, my loving husband has the greatest blessing proved!
 Every joy he shareth with me; and when sorrowful in grief—
 Oh, to weep upon his bosom is such precious, sweet relief!
 Long may Heaven spare him to me, dearest friend and constant guide,
 Teach me to fulfil his wishes, be his honor and his pride!

Oh! what pleasant, long excursions we will take while you are here!
 We will ride about Jamaica, which you know is very near;
 And some morning very early we will go to Rockaway,
 Take the children, and in bathing spend the live-long autumn day.
 We will have a sailing-party and a pic-nic, and will send
 Invitations to the neighbors; they'll enjoy it to attend.
 On the Sabbath to the city: of the drive you will not tire,
 For the preaching of our pastor and our church you must admire.
 We will in the tangled wild-wood wander with unwearied feet,
 And our books and work will carry to the rustic garden-seat;
 Then my little KATE shall for us lightly dance upon the glade,
 Where the turf is soft and even, and the lindens weave a shade;
 And at dewy evening hour we will list to WALLACE sing
 Songs that to your listening senses pleasant memories will bring.

Oh! 'twill be a happy season, calling up forgotten hours,
 When our future was all brightness, and our present filled with flowers.
 Memory's glance 'tis sweet to cherish, but I sorrow not to know
 That the past is ever buried 'in the grave of long ago.'

Albany, Oct., 1851.

L. L. S.

Schediasms.

THE SUPERFICIALNESS OF MEN IN LARGE CITIES

BY PAUL SIGGVOLK.

TAKE any man, born, bred and educated in a large city, ten to one he is superficial, thoroughly superficial; superficial in his thoughts, in his cultivation, in his reverence, in his purpose. He looks at life as a moving panorama; enjoying what is immediately before him, careless of what has gone, indifferent as to what is coming, looking neither before nor after, but vividly appreciating the present. Precedent and prophecy are to him alike unmeaning and without weight or influence. MEMORY and FORECAST are faculties used only as bases of calculating daily gainful speculations, or as ministers to his pleasures. They are no part of his mental being. They are not inwoven with its texture, as the warp, but the mere selvage, to be torn from the cloth for homely use. They are not faculties spiritual, but helps practical only. They are not, as they should be, the links of a golden chain, connecting the present with the eternity of the past on one side, and the eternity of the future on the other. To the superficial, things temporal and things eternal are not thus allied.

Swift, in his 'Tale of a Tub,' complains bitterly of this superficialness of the city-bred literary men of his day. 'We of this age,' says he, 'have discovered a shorter and more prudent method than the ancients to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is two-fold. Either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly—which is, indeed, the choicer, the profounder, the politer method—to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is turned and governed, like fishes by the tail; for to enter at the palace of learning, by the great gate, requires an expense of time and forms; therefore, men of much taste and little ceremony are content to get in at the back door. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails.'

A graphic illustration, truly! and it seems to have jumped with the humor of Pope, when he afterward, striking at this same vice, exclaims, with more than a 'coincidence':

'How index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.'

And Hazlitt, too, has remarked, in his Essay on the Ignorance of the

Learned, 'People in towns, indeed, are wofully deficient in a knowledge of character, which they see only in the bust, not as a whole length.'

It seems, at the outset, an odd proposition, that where there is the more food, there should be the less fat; that where the means of cultivation and the resources of thought are profusely scattered on every hand, to stimulate the curiosity, the ambition and the taste of the meanest or the most gifted, there should be less profundity of intellectual power. But I am not wholly certain an intellectual surfeit is not far worse than intellectual starvation. In the city, one hears so much, sees so much, feels so much; such a variety of impressions seize hold of one, and in a moment are chased away by new ones, that while one's powers of apprehension are quickened to a marvellous degree, one's powers of reflection are proportionally weakened from want of exercise. The memory, too, suffers constantly from being overloaded with an ill-assorted burden it cannot carry. There is no time to classify or dispose of the miscellaneous treasure, and in the confusion, it all escapes together. The loss is not felt, any more than the stream runs dry, because all the water in it, at any fixed place and time, is passed away. A new supply of the ceaseless current fills the space before we are conscious of the loss. Thus the mind is ever busy, and serves as the dim reflex of the transient present.

See my friend there, sitting in his arm-chair after breakfast, smoking his segar. He is now upon his fourth newspaper. It is his constant habit, at an expense of four hours per day, to read six newspapers in the morning and six in the evening. He is a very clever man, as the word goes; very shrewd in business, very sage in advice, very well informed, very firm in his opinions. When he has finished his sixth morning paper, I ask him, 'What is the news?' Do you think he occupies two hours in telling me? Do you think he makes some profound observation, showing he has grappled with, classified, and generalized upon the myriad facts that have passed, like images before the wizard's glass, in review before his mind? You are much deceived if you do. His answer is always the same; short, pithy, and sincere: 'Nothing.' If he answered as a philosopher, I should perhaps blame his philosophy, censure him as a cynic, but praise his sagacity. But I can do neither. 'What! have you toiled two hours, and found nothing worthy of recollection? Have you not been apprised of the astounding discovery made in a remote city, that government and law are useless and expensive encumbrances upon the soaring spirit of a free people; and that an impromptu 'Vigilance Committee' do the work cheaper and better? Have you not, too, learned this, that, and another thing?' 'Well, yes,' he does recollect something of the kind; 'but really it had escaped his memory.' And thus it is each day; and in wisdom the man grows feebler every day.

'Beware of the man who reads but one book!' is the ore of an old proverb of the cloister, eliminated and refined from the dross of a mediæval Latin etymology, too barbarous to be intrusted abroad without an interpreter. A mint of wisdom lies imbedded in those profound old words; wisdom hard to learn; learned only after lapse of much time and melancholy experience; often learned too late, frequently not at all; humiliating to the pride of intellect, mortifying to ambition, even when learned in timely season. Two truths must sink deeply into the mind of

a man before he can begin to know any thing. He must be satisfied that it is impossible in one short life to *learn* every thing. He must be satisfied that it is possible for him to *know* only very little. A bitter conviction it is, when it overtakes the ambitious student, that he cannot know every thing worth knowing; that his life would be exhausted in the acquisition of a tithe of it, and no time would be left to use it. Diligence may enable him to extend his researches to very distant boundaries; untiring patience and persevering labor, coupled with good natural powers, will do wonders in the way of acquirement. But *knowledge* is neither research of distant boundaries, nor wonderful acquirement. They are merely the implements of knowledge. They are the source and materials. Learning supplies the mingled ingredients of the alembic of the mind; knowledge is the new form, after the process of distillation and crystallization is complete. Intellectual knowledge, like practical sagacity, is usually the acquisition of experience. The first is an ultimate growth of the mind's experience, dealing with the great recorded thoughts of men and events of the world, and nurtured amid the myriad vicissitudes that mark its own career, as the other is taught by the common events of every-day life. Knowledge is a secondary result, for which the mind is fitted to seek after and comprehend only when research and acquirement are accomplished. Until this is done, a man has neither the intellectual stores, nor the intellectual habits, nor the intellectual discipline, necessary to enable him to detect the discrepancies in seeming analogies; to discriminate between primary and secondary causes; finally, to distinguish betwixt truth and error.

Perhaps I may seem to labor the point unnecessarily. But I think not. This is a fearful mistake, this confounding acquirement with knowledge, and has occasioned the shipwreck of many a noble mind, proudly launched in an ocean of fact. All the *facts* in the world do not constitute the minutest infinitesimal of *truth*; and a man might possess his memory with all the facts in the world, and be not a whit the wiser with it *all*. Fact is the foundation of truth, but the superstructure scarcely betrays what sustains it. To go back to my metaphor: truth is a distillation from fact. The change is chemical, not mechanical. Fact is multiform — prismatic; truth is single and hueless. Truth is a centre from which fact radiates in endless and countless rays. Truth is fixed and immutable; fact revolves about it as a common centre, and often, like the kaleidoscope, changes with every revolution, and yet is the same thing first and last. What we know of truth is, that it is the clue of all the labyrinths of nature, time, and history, and that what we can possess of it, though positively much, is comparatively nothing. Human knowledge is fragmentary; here a manifest certainty, there a probability, and elsewhere a conjecture. Perfect knowledge is the highest attribute of *DEITY*. So far as we progress in the pursuit of pure knowledge of truth, so far we approach *DIVINITY*.

If a pre-requisite to the mastery of any subject were the perusal of every thing written upon it, well might the student despair. The recorded ideas of centuries upon the simplest topics would exhaust an ordinary life-time in the perusal. The old adage, '*Non multa sed multum*,' is in point, and is the true rule. Reading furnishes the oil to

the lamp of thought. The lamp must be lighted and burn, or there is no light. 'There are,' says Sheridan, 'on every subject but a few leading and fixed ideas; their tracks may be traced by your own genius as well as by reading. A man of deep thought who shall have accustomed himself to support or attack all he has read, will soon find nothing new.' Much thinking, little reading, makes the sound reasoner. The proportion should be vastly in favor of the first, and the appetite for the latter, though stronger, will still demand and relish only substantial and nutritious food. Reading for amusement is like any other amusement, of little importance mentally, provided it amuses; the mind having an instinct in this respect, and seeking that amusement which is most beneficial as such. Reading for knowledge is hard work; it is a severe task, and inclination is not to be consulted. No rule can be laid down. One will read ten times as much as another, and each derive equal profit. It seems idle to read, except to furnish the mind food for thought, to keep it occupied; more than this not only is wasted, but overloads and incapacitates the mind for thinking. This begets inattention to facts, and inattention is followed by loss of memory, and then the very materials of thinking are gone.

Intellectual power is the offspring, result, and acquisition of close, connected, and protracted thought. Natural powers being equal, it will vary in men in proportion to this discipline of them. Thinking is the severest labor of man, yet it is the most compensating. If the mind is immortal, the laborer is working in a garden he shall always till. Labor is a 'curse;' but whosoever 'dares do all that does become a man,' will literally 'work out his own salvation.'

Few men, however, in cities can be led to believe themselves capable of any continuous, sustained mental effort; fewer still have the inclination to exercise the capacity; of those who feel themselves capable and inclined, few have the energy, and fewer still find the opportunity. Amid the toil, and bustle, and noise, and confusion, and multiplicity of facts and events, passions and purposes, each succeeding the other so rapidly that before the mind can grasp one, it is gone, and another fills its place, what chance for thought? what Herculean powers of mind can hold them? what Argus eyes can discriminate which is worthy of being picked from the miscellaneous heap?

The mind fares better in the country. There are fewer subjects of contemplation. God and nature are ever present. Every thing is suggestive of man's littleness and brevity of existence, of nature's permanence. The timid grass bristles stoutly on the very graves of our forefathers. It is only by connecting oneself with the great human family that the aching sense of insignificance is lulled. The thoughts move thus, if they move at all, in a larger compass. There is cheerful solitude, the nurse of thought. There are fewer books and fewer men to make opinions, and so comes self-reliance, the parent of thought. If this is doubted by any citizen who fancies himself a student and a thinker, let him spend a month in the country, and, my word for it, he returns a 'wiser and a sadder man;' 'wiser' for the hours consumed in reflecting upon what would have escaped his attention in the city; 'sadder,' that he was not my convert sooner.

Perhaps the chief advantages of education as a mere accomplishment

may be summed up in the two words, *consistency* and *toleration*, the two highest traits of a Christian and a gentleman; consistency in his own ideas and actions, and a wise toleration toward the ideas and actions of others. These I think may be better attained in the country than in the city. They are the result of a careful and assiduous cultivation, much silent, serious meditation, and a breadth of views only to be acquired by patient, protracted and uninterrupted thought.

Before I quit this subject, I cannot refrain from two quotations recalled by what has been written. There is one type of man that is not utterly frivolous, thus depicted by the great dramatist:

‘WHAT is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, HE that made us with such large discourse,
LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unused.’

And there is one view of this life that is not utterly insignificant, thus expressed by the greatest political thinker of the age:

‘As it is not a vain and false, but an exalted and religious imagination which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb which, amid this universe of worlds, the CREATOR has given us to inhabit, and to send them, with something of the feeling which nature prompts, and teaches to be proper among children of the same ETERNAL PARENT, to the contemplation of the myriads of beings with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space; so neither is it false and vain to consider ourselves as interested and connected with our whole race through all time; allied to our ancestors; allied to our posterity; closely compacted on all sides with others; ourselves being but links in the great chain of being, which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present and the future, and terminating at last, with the consummation of all things earthly, at the throne of God.’

November, 1851.

T H E L A K E O F S C H R O O N .

Oh! it was a blessed morning
In the lustrous month of June,
That I wandered open-hearted
By the silent Lake of Schroon!
All its smooth, translucent harbors
Trees reflected, flowers and arbors;
Blossoms with the sands entwining,
Many fathoms deep were shining;
And the ripples, murmuring faint,
Made a melancholy plaint,
Like the prayer of holy saint.

Oh! it was a blessed morning,
When the year was in its bloom,
Wearied with this life's contention,
That I wandered by Lake Schroon!
Wandered 'neath the oaks and larches,
Dreaming 'mid their broken arches,
Dreaming on the hills of clover,
Living all my life-time over,
Till I saw the angels fair
All around me in the air,
And they smiled to see me there.

Oh! it was a blessed morning
That I wandered, filled with joy,
In that Eden of seclusion,
Open-hearted as a boy!
There the heartless swarms came never;
There the air was pure for ever;
There the forest, by God planted,
Seemed alive, or else enchanted,
As I lay, with half-closed eyes,
Looking, through them, through the skies,
In a kind of mute surprise!

For evermore that blessed morning
Shall re-bless me with its bloom,
Though the world has far removed me
From the silent Lake of Schroon!
Phantoms of the matted forest
Now, as then, before me soarest,
And I hear the murmuring rill
In the city murmur still.
There's a picture on the wall,
With a lake and water-fall,
And a blue sky over all.

E. H. A.

A N G E L E V E .

I.

THERE was sadness with the angels,
There was gladness with us here,
When our little EVE came to us,
In the spring-time of the year.

II.

Then before the heavenly FATHER
Bowed the angels to the ground:
'Oh! our FATHER,' asked they, mournful,
'Where can angel EVE be found?

III.

'We have sought her, vainly sought her,
All the fruits and flowers among;
But we found her harp was hanging
In her chosen bower, unstrung.'

IV.

Then out-spake the loving FATHER:
'Seek her not in lands above.'
She has gone to regions earthly,
On a mission of my love.'

V.

But we knew not that our darling
Was a wandering angel-child;
Though the thought was with us often,
When she gazed on us, and smiled.

VI.

One sweet twilight in the autumn,
When all around us was bright gold,
And in the west the holy angels
Their purple wings began to fold:

VII.

Our little EVE's smile beamed upon us,
As it never beamed before,
And she straightway left the earthly,
For the distant Eden-shore.

VIII.

There was gladness with the angels,
There was sadness with us here,
When our darling EVE went from us,
In the winter of the year.

IX.

Yet our thoughts, that once were clinging
To the earth, now rest above;
Thus is wrought the blessed mission
Of our Holy FATHER's love.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF

THE FUDGE FAMILY

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

INTRODUCTION.

'First, my fear; then, my courtesy; last, my speech.'—DANGER'S EPILOGUE

I MUST confess that I feel diffident in entering upon the work which I have taken in hand. It is no light thing to meddle in family matters; on the contrary, persons of experience will bear me testimony that it is in nine cases out of ten a very serious business. If a promise were not already given, I should even now retire.

Very few know what it is to assume the position that I have taken; viz., to entertain the public with a record of the observations, fancies, history, and feelings of one's own family. Many people do this in a quiet way; but I am not aware that it has heretofore been undertaken in the unblushing manner which I propose to myself.

I shall expect misrepresentation and calumny. It will not surprise me to find some squeamish individual of the Fudge family denying my claim to membership, and roundly asserting that I am not the TONY FUDGE I profess to be. I am prepared for such denial.

I shall expect the Widow Fudge to refuse all sanction of my papers as veritable history, and to declare stoutly that the writer is an impostor; and that such incidents as I may set down, in my simplicity, are utterly without foundation, and entirely unknown to herself, as well as to every respectable member of the Fudge family. I shall expect the Miss Fudges to turn up their noses at many little expressions of moral doctrine which will come into my record, and to sneer publicly at my portraits of their habits and tastes. I shall, without doubt, be disputed by them on the score of age, clearness of complexion, fixings, accomplishments, and such other matters as may make good the pictures of my excellent second cousins, the Miss Fudges. For this, I am prepared.

I shall furthermore expect that Mrs. Phoebe Fudge will utterly deny my statements with respect to her weight. I doubt even if she will admit the truth of what I shall have to say regarding her public charities, and her interest in the Society for the Relief of Respectable Indigent Females. She will very possibly deny the truth of any comparisons I may draw between her expenses at Mrs. Lawson's and her droppings into the poor-box of Dr. Taylor's church. The chances are large in favor of her repudiation of all relationship with any man who calls himself TONY FUDGE; and of the additional assertion, that such individual can never have seen good society, and must therefore be thoroughly ignorant of whatever concerns herself. Indeed, I am prepared for it.

Mr. Solomon Fudge, her husband, who is another estimable member of the Fudge family, I shall expect to trouble himself very little about my remarks, so long as I confine myself to his wife's foibles, her virtues, or her boudoir; these are matters which concern him very little; but when I touch upon the gentleman's financial engagements, or upon some recent suspension, when moneyed rates 'ruled high,' (whereby some few small friends subsided into insolvency,) I shall anticipate a certain fidgety manner, and an abrupt refusal of all kinship with his very excellent nephew, TONY. I am prepared for this.

It would seem that I was undertaking a very odious employ, in thus provoking the wanton assaults of so many members of my own family. But I shall be consoled with the reflection, that I am doing no inconsiderable service to the public, as well as elevating the Fudge family into a certain historic dignity.

There are few people, after all, who will not risk a great deal of their modesty, and a very respectable fraction of their morals, for the sake of a prominent position in the public eye; and however much my dear cousins, and kin of all sorts, who come under the Fudge arms, may rail at my indiscretion, and my lack of breeding, they will, I venture to say, hug the *éclat* which my rambling record will give to their character and name.

With this much of preface, which I contend is more to the purpose than most of the prefaces of the day, I shall enter at once upon my design.

CHAPTER FIRST.

BRING HISTORICAL AND PERSONAL.

'THE poor Americans are under blame,
Like them of old that from *Tel-meiah* came,
Conjectured once to be of *Israel's* seed,
But no record appeared to prove the deed;
Thus, like *Habajah's* sons, they were put by
For having lost their *genealogy*.'

REV. COTTON MATHER.

THE Fudge family is large. Where it originated, I cannot well say. Many lady-members of the family are of opinion that it is very old, and can be traced back to some of the braves, of those Norman knights who did battle against Harold. They have adopted the crest of some of those heroes in support of this belief, and wear the same upon their fingers. I can hardly conceive of a prettier argument, or one more prettily handled. Reverence for antiquity is a delightful trait of the female character. A romantic admiration for knights and men-at-arms is a charming characteristic of the sex.

It would be unwise to discredit openly a lady's statement in respect to her paternity, or to make light of any argument by which she supports the dignity of her family. My own opinion is, however, that it is much more probable that the Fudge family would find its true origin in the more humble antiquity dating with the Restoration. This limit would throw out at once all Puritanic taint, which I observe it is becoming quite fashionable to discard, and would furthermore be strengthened by a host of probabilities, in view of the great increase of family names.

which grew up under the pleasant auspices of Charles the Second and his court.

I would by no means impugn the motives of those members of the family who wish to go farther back, or question the taste of such crests as they have adopted. On the contrary, many of them are particularly ingenious, and do great credit to all concerned. They moreover give a certain spice of dignity to the family, which, under republican neglect, might otherwise never be laid hold upon.

The Miss Fudges, my excellent cousins, Bridget and Jemima by name, are particularly tenacious on this point; their tenacity, moreover, is well sustained by the use of signets, and a very creditable air of *hauteur*.

I am sorry to say that I cannot learn that our family was ever much distinguished; and I have been shocked to find the name of Fudge among the humblest purveyors for King Charles's camp, before the battle of Worcester. This, however, is proof of a strong royalist feeling, which still obtains to a very considerable degree among the lady members of the family, particularly one or two interesting spinsters, who divided a season, two years ago, between Homberg and Wiesbaden.

Upon the Newgate Calendar I find, on close inspection, only two entries of the name. I regard this as a very flattering circumstance.

The first is that of Johnny Fudge, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, was convicted of horse-stealing at a June term of the York Assizes, and was condemned (III. Ph. and M. c. 12) to the gallows. The second appears to have been a criminal of much more character and consideration. It appears that in the first half of the reign of George III., one Solomon Fudge was indicted for seditious and treasonable acts. What the precise nature of the acts were, does not appear upon the calendar; I cannot doubt that they were worthy of the reputation of the family. We learn, that after a royal reprieve, Solomon was a second time the victim of the law, and expiated his offences, in the year of grace 1760, upon Tower Hill.

Miss Bridget Fudge, indeed, who is of kin with the present Mr. Solomon Fudge, and who has latterly worked a very brilliant ancestral tree in pink and yellow *chenil*, on silk canvas, insists that the name of these culprits was spelt Foodge; and that they could not therefore have been connected, even remotely, with JACQUES DE FUDGE, *Baron de La Bien Aimée*, who lost a spur or two at the battle of Hastings. It certainly is an open question, well worthy of a doubt, if not of discussion, at the hands of the Historical Society.

For my own taste, I would much prefer to leave ancestral inquiries in the dark; and feel confident that if the same trepidation and fear of issues belonged to most of our ancestral inquirers about town, they would wear much safer names, and infinitely better repute. Hap-hazard will do very much more for the most of them, than Heraldry; and I have a strong suspicion that, in slighting the claims of Hap-hazard, they are slighting the claims of a veritable progenitor.

As for the history of the Fudges, since they have become a portion of the American stock, little can be said which would not apply with equal pertinency to nearly all the first families of the country. A stray scion has now and then, in a fit of love, demeaned himself by intermarriage

with the daughter of some plain person; or, in an equally unfortunate fit of policy, brought about by habits of extravagance, he has sought to supply the 'needful' by obtaining possession of some heiress of the town, who had little to recommend her, save a passable grace in the dance, and a moderately taking eye.

By these unfortunate casualties, it has happened that the purity of the original Fudge stock has become singularly impaired. It is even hinted, among the knowing gossips of the family, that the late Solomon Fudge, father to the present Solomon Fudge, made a sad slip in this way, and contracted an awkward-looking, left-handed marriage, very much to the exasperation of all the spinster connections of the family.

It appears that the old gentleman was rather frisky in his young days, and after a certain *affaire du cœur*, which threatened to create great scandal in the family, he was fain to marry his mother's waiting-maid. She, however, proved a most notable house-wife, and provoked all her married kin-folk with a swarm of the liveliest and ruddiest children that had been known in the Fudge family for several generations.

More attention, however, is now given to the race. I have already alluded to the ancestral tree worked in *chenil*, and to the crests. The spinster members of the family particularly, have shown great caution; they are waiting for 'blood.' Indeed, I may say, they have already waited for no inconsiderable time.

Although the stock may be made nobler under this regimen, I have my doubts whether it will be made any purer or stronger. I have therefore recommended to my cousin Bridget, who is not indisposed to change her condition—seeing that she is now verging upon her thirty-fifth year—a comely man in the retail line, who lives nearly opposite her house in the town, and who has shown repeated attentions through the medium of a small-sized ivory-mounted opera-glass.

I should hardly venture to urge the matter, unless I knew that the gentleman alluded to is about retiring upon a competency; and with a slight change of name, a suit of black in place of gaiters and plaids, to break up any old associations which might prove unpleasant, I really think that he would prove a most eligible partner for Miss Bridget. Of course, she affects, as most young ladies do, proper disdain for any one recommended by a gentleman-friend; but I understand that she is by no means careful to avoid his opera-glass observation. This is certainly a rather promising sign.

Miss Jemima, her sister, is prim and wiry, and takes to books. I shall have more to say of her as I get on. It is quite possible that I may relieve my papers with some short poems from her own hand. I do not, however, feel at liberty to promise this unconditionally.

As for myself, I have lived off and on, about the town, for some twenty-odd years. Naturally, I verge upon middle age. Very few, however, I flatter myself, would suspect as much. I am particular about my wig, waistcoat, and boots. My wig has a careless, easy effect; my waistcoat is never unbuttoned, never stained with my dinner; my boots always fit. I am thoroughly convinced that proper attention to these three points is essential. They diffuse the charm of youth and grace over the bodies of individuals otherwise mature.

I am married—only to the world, which I find to be an agreeable spouse, something fat, and with streaks of ill-temper; but, upon the whole, as good-natured and yielding as a moderate man ought to expect.

I think I might easily pass for a man of five-and-thirty; I have been mistaken for a younger man even than this. I profess to be a judge of chowders, sherries, and wines generally. Sometimes I dine at the club; sometimes with a friend; sometimes with my esteemed uncle, Solomon Fudge; and on odd afternoons, with the widow Fudge, Miss Jemima, and Miss Bridget Fudge.

I admire beauty, and have had, like most men, my tender passages.

At eighteen, I was in love with a widow of thirty-five—madly in love. My opinion is, that if she had not left the country unexpectedly, I should have died at her feet, or at her fire! At twenty-one, I was engaged to a blonde of three-and-twenty, with very blue eyes, and of a demure countenance, which I still remember with considerable sentiment. It was broken off with mutual good-will, and with some heart-burnings on both sides. She has now five children, lives in Thompson-street, and weighs, I should guess, near upon two hundred: her husband puts it at a figure or two less. I call her Mabel, and she calls me Tony.

At twenty-four, I was desperate. I am of opinion that no man was ever more so. Sir Charles Grandison, in comparison, was a tame lover. The scarlet waistcoat, that I wore at that particular epoch, seemed of a dingy ash color. I not unfrequently put it on, through absence, with the back-side in front. I lived entirely upon vegetables. I wrote a surprising number of sonnets. I think the number of lines in each was altogether unprecedented.

But, alas for human hopes!—as historians and romance-writers are in the habit of saying—she proved a coquette. I forgave her after two weeks, during which I suffered intensely, and forgot her in four. It is my opinion that she forgot me about the same time.

Now, however, she is a cheerful spinster. I sometimes take a dish of tea with her. I observe that she begins to use hair-dye.

Since that time, I have been variously enamored of married and single women; the latter generally quite young. The very last could hardly have been more than sixteen. My opinion is, that I am more attractive to individuals of that age, than to older girls. They are certainly more attractive to me.

The absurd fallacy that young men are more successful lovers than the middle-aged, is now quite clear to me. I begin to appreciate the good judgment of the sex. Ladies are by no means so silly as young men take them to be. I am quite confident that my power of fascination was never so great as since I entered upon my fortieth year. I do not affirm that the same could be said of all bachelors of similar age.

I have undertaken to be personal in this chapter, and shall not therefore spare my modesty. It is not my way to halve things: if my story is to be told at all, it shall be fully told.

As for my more immediate family history, however, I do not propose to enter into particulars. Like most men about town, I am at present my own master, and trust that nothing will interrupt this private mastership for some time to come. I rely very little upon any Fudge counsel,

and am not much in the habit of boasting of my Fudge ancestry. My habit of living will appear as I push on toward the end of my papers. It would be bad policy to make any special exhibition at this early period.

My opinion is, that in this country a man must stand upon his own feet, and not upon the decayed feet of any family ancestors. It is pleasant to be a member of one of the first families, such as the Fudges undoubtedly are, and, if assertion can retain the place, will unquestionably continue to be.

Individuality seems to me the best stamp and seal that a man can carry: if he cannot carry that, it will take a great deal to carry him. If a man's own heart and energy are not equal to the making of his fortune, he will find, I think, a very poor resort in what Sir Tommy Overbury calls 'the potato-fields of his ancestors,' meaning, by that cheerful figure, that all there is good about the matter is below ground.

I shall stand then simply upon my merits and my name: and if my cousins Bridget and Jemima question my hardihood, my only reply will be — Fudge!

If outside casuists are disposed to dispute my character and ridicule my connections, I shall still invariably meet them imperturbably, with a simple — Fudge!

In case the reply should not prove satisfactory, and the hungry critics should belabor me, after their usual fashion, as a man of no calibre and of but little dignity, I shall still sustain my first-mentioned position, and meet all their cavils with a single reply; and that reply will be — FUDGE!

CHAPTER SECOND.

MY UNCLE SOLOMON.

'STATIO in Dignitatibus, res lubrica est.'—VERULAM: SERM. FID. VI.

MR. SOLOMON FUDGE is not a man to be sneered at. His friends all know it; and he knows it better than his friends. I have referred to him already. At present I mean to draw his portrait. He will be flattered, doubtless; this is natural in nephews, and in artists.

He will feel flattered also; yet I have no doubt that he will meet me in a very indignant manner, and say to me, with a great show of dignity—perhaps adjusting his shirt-collar meantime—'Tony, you should have known better than this; you should have considered, Sir, our family position. Mrs. Fudge, Sir, your aunt, (before referred to as a stout woman,) is a lady of delicacy; great delicacy, I may say.'

I expect this, and am prepared for it. I shall reply:

'Uncle Solomon, you know you are glad to be noticed: you know that you possess a cheerful fondness for distinction. You are not to be blamed. No man is: you are worthy of it.'

Whereupon my uncle Solomon will take off his gold spectacles, pass them from one hand to the other, in an eccentric yet methodical manner, which is a way he has of collecting his thoughts.

'Tony,' he will continue, 'I beg you will be discreet. Ridicule, Sir, I shall not bear, even from a Fudge.'

To which I shall reply, in a kind way:

‘Uncle Solomon—FUDGE!’

I now proceed with my portrait.

Mr. Solomon Fudge is a stout man, with white hair. He usually wears a white cravat; a clean one every morning, as he has himself told me, and an extra one when he invites a friend to dine with him. He is a merchant, and lives in the Avenue; he has also a country-seat at Astoria. If he were to die—I hope he will not—he would be mentioned by the Wall-street journals (for the first time) as an eminent merchant, liberal, distinguished, and leaving a large family, inconsolable.

He began life as errand-boy in a large jobbing establishment: he swept out the store at sun-rise; he has often told me of it; not very often, however, of late years. I am of the opinion that it is only latterly that he has begun to form proper notions about family dignity.

At the time of his being alderman for the first time, he seemed proud of his rise in the world. He is now above being alderman. He looks upon aldermen generally as moderate men. He has once been mayor; he now regards even mayors as mere city contingencies. Still, however, he often refers to the year when he was in authority; a remarkable year, he thinks it was, for clean streets and good order. Most retired mayors, I observe, hold the same opinion in regard to the period of their mayorship. It is very natural; and in some particular instances, I dare say it may be justifiable.

Mr. Solomon Fudge is a bank-officer in Wall-street. You may see him on discount-days, luxuriating in a stuffed chair and easy posture. One arm will very likely be stretched out upon the table; the other will fall carelessly upon the elbow of his chair. He appears to enjoy the sunshine. His gold-bowed spectacles will be raised upon the upper part of his forehead, and rest with great apparent security over that portion of the brain where phrenologists usually locate the bump of benevolence. As I remarked, the bump does not interfere with my uncle’s spectacles.

His words are slow and measured, as becomes a man of his grave aspect and undoubted family. He is cautious in his expression of opinion; and only ventures upon decided approval of ‘accommodation paper’ when he is very sure of his man, or when the applicant’s wife has been in a position to show favors to Mr. Solomon Fudge’s wife. Uneasy and anxious-looking men, full of business, and in need of loans, he regards with a very proper degree of distaste.

Few visitors can call my Uncle Solomon from his chair, or—what is a still stronger mark of deference—occasion the withdrawal of the gold-bowed spectacles from the secure position already hinted at. If I were to except any, it would be a certain dashing broker, of whom Mr. Fudge has a trifling fear, or some gray-headed curmudgeon who is a federal officer, or some visiting English merchant; or, yet again, some old lawyer of reputation.

The newspapers he reads with a kindly and patronizing interest, having little respect, however, for any thing smaller than the huge folios of Wall-street. All young men and new men in the province of journalism, are very properly treated with contempt. He makes an exception in favor of one of the small morning newspapers, which is distinguished for its advocacy of the tariff. He hopes it may ‘eventuate’ (that

is his style of language) in something practical. The truth is, my uncle Solomon has no inconsiderable interest in a manufacturing establishment in the country, which is just now running at half-time, and with very small show of profits. If he could sell at a fair figure, I think he would subscribe, without solicitude, to the tenets of the *Journal of Commerce*.

He is usually a cautious man, and rarely makes a false step. Just now, indeed, he is feeling a little sore in respect of a large purchase of the Dauphin stock. The affair, however, came so well recommended, with such distinguished patronage, and the sample-coal burned with such a cheerful flame, that he thought it little worth his while to examine into the nature of the veins, or the probability of very frequent and surprising 'faults.' The consequence is, he is down for some fifteen thousand present valuation, which I greatly fear may stand him in some two-score.

My uncle Solomon is a vestry-man; and though not a church member, he has a most respectable opinion of the whole scheme of religion: he believes it ought to be supported; he means to do it. He pays a high price for his pew; he invites the clergyman to dine with him; he foregoes his extra bottle of wine on such days; he feels a better man for it; he humors his wife in a fat subscription to the indigent orphan asylum; he subscribes for the 'Churchman;' he sometimes reads it. He is the proprietor of one of the most magnificent Bibles upon the Avenue, to say nothing of a set of prayer-books, with solid gold clasps, guaranteed as such by Mr. Appleton the senior, and corroborated by actual inspection of Ball, Tompkins and Black.

His charities, notwithstanding what I have hinted about the spectacles and the organ of benevolence, are upon that large scale which is such a favorite with the established gentlemen of the town. By established gentlemen, I refer to such as have a great reputation for respectability, wealth, white cravats, dignity, composure, and good taste in wives and wines. By the large scale of charities, I refer to those mission societies which publish yearly lists of distinguished donors to public dinners, aid to political enterprises, Union committees, and purchase of ten per cent. bonds of western railways, (secured by mortgage on timber lands,) which are represented to be in a needy condition, and worthy objects of eastern charity.

Indigent men about town—I do not here refer to myself—and poor cousins, do not stir to any considerable degree Mr. Solomon Fudge's benevolence. He has good reason to show why. He thinks every man should take care of himself. What is true of men is true of women. He thinks there is great reason to apprehend imposture. He has known repeated instances of the grossest imposture. He fears that the poor do not go to church. He thinks men should be cautious. He *is* cautious, saving the Dauphin speculation.

Upon the whole, Mr. Solomon Fudge is what people call an estimable man. Jemima and Bridget both regard him with considerable awe. Street-folk generally look up to him. There is not a man in the whole city—and on this point I challenge investigation—who is treated with more deference by his coachman and his grocer.

I have myself considerable esteem for my uncle. He is a portly man, calculated to impress. He does not dress shabbily, saving rather too much dandruff on his coat-collar. I have recommended a wash: he

slighted it. His wines are good, with the exception of the last lot, purchased 'at a bargain' from the Messrs. Leeds. He has a few boxes left of some mild old Havannas, the gift of a tenant, who begged a month's deferment of quarter-day, and ran off in the interval. Mr. Solomon Fudge has a small opinion of the cigars: *I* insist that they are good.

Mrs. Fudge, the wife of my uncle Solomon, and naturally my aunt—by marriage—I entertain a cheerful regard for. I am of opinion that she entertains much the same feeling for me. Neither her person nor character can be digested hastily. She will fill a chapter.

I shall therefore devote my next chapter to an exhibition and discussion of my uncle's wife, MRS. SOLOMON FUDGE.

A T R I B U T E .

SCOTIA, LAND OF LAKE AND MOUNTAIN.*

Of Lomond's wave and Katrine's tide,
Of Lomond's peak and Benvenue,
The Grampians' stern and heath-clad pride,
The pass where gallant GRAHAM* died,
The towers where *loin* Queen MARY sighed,
The haunts of RODERICK, bold and true,
The Trosach glen, ARGYLE's Loch Fine,
Of all of these, the poet's line,
Or great romancer's wondrous story,
Have told the beauty, fame and glory.

And who may tune a later lay,
Where Doon's fair river glideth slow;
Or chant to Auld Kirk Alloway
In honor of its gables gray,
And walls that hide no witches' play,
Unfit for 'AULD NICK's' roundelay!

Who sings within that cottage low,
Where first *he* saw the light,
Whom all as Scotia's minstrel know?
And who may touch that garland bright
Laid on the proud turf that inurns
Whatever died of ROBERT BURNS?

Who strikes the harp where sullen Tweed
Near Dryburgh's cloistered ruin sweeps?
Its solemn voice a dirge indeed,
For there the mighty 'Wizard' sleeps!
Or who, when glorious old Melrose,
Half silvered o'er by 'pale moonlight,'
Again with 'MICHAEL's' magic glows,
As once to DELORAINÉ's rapt sight;
The 'scrolls that teach to live and die,'
The wild, unearthly heraldry,
The whole enchantment of the spot
Need seek to tell—once told by SCOTT?

* GRAHAM of Claverhouse, who fell, in the moment of victory, at the battle of the Pass of Killcrankie.

I sing less classic ground, perchance,
 The waves I hail no bard hath known;
 But none more bright in sunlight dance,
 And that land's birth-right is mine own!

When billows huge round Ailsa rise,
 And startled sea-birds o'er it sweep,
 The fisher's fragile boatie flies
 To thee, safe heaven, from the deep!
 Dear to my heart, fair to mine eyes,
 May HEAVEN its smiles upon thee keep,
 Loch Ryan, with thy headlands twain,
 Like giants watching o'er the main.
 No foliage waves along thy shore,
 We mark thy silvery sheen the more;
 So sweet at rest, in storm so grand—
 Accept this tribute at my hand!

When last I saw thy cherished wave,
 The seaward breezes freshly blew;
 My fond adieus I sadly gave,
 As swift away our vessel flew,
 And past Kirkcolum and Ballantrae,
 Homeward the wanderer took his way.
 The peaceful kirk-yard, sloping west,
 My lingering feet had lately trod,
 Its turf in richest verdure drest,—
 Beneath whose daisy-sprinkled sod
 My kindred mingle with the clay;
 Ancestral names the marbles bear,
 A line entire hath passed away!
 No fulsome words their deeds declare,
 But they with whom they lived could say
 What sorrow marked their dying day,
 And how was mourned the reverend head
 That last lay down among the dead!

To thee, whose welcome was the first,
 Whose care my frame in sickness nursed;
 To thee, last remnant of my blood
 Beyond Atlantic's swelling flood,
 'T was hard to give the parting hand,
 As rang the cry, 'Unmoor from land!'
 Borne out upon the tide's full swell,
 I signed my distant, mute farewell;
 Night's sombre shadows swiftly fell,
 As outward-bound on deck I stood,
 And vainly yearned my heart to tell
 Its love, devotion, gratitude!

Far, far away!—my simple song,
 Loch Ryan—erst 'of many isles,'*
 Long lost—the memories may prolong,
 That soothe me with their pleasant wiles:
 While Hope re-trims her gleeful sail,
 And waiteth watchful for the gale,
 Whose favoring breath will bid her steer
 Her prow toward thy waters clear!

Boston, Mass., October, 1851.

WILLIAM WALLACE MORLAND.

* RYAN, it is said, signifies *islands*, or *many islets*: none now exist in the loch.

Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

FERRARA: VENICE.

‘FERRARA! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems, as ’t were, a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este.’

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV., XXXV.

I SAY it, not because Byron said it before me, but out of my own bitter experience, that the city of Ferrara is the most intensely dull place ever inhabited.

Dullness in other localities is merely apathetic, negatively bad; but in Ferrara the blue devils assail you with a spite, a virulence, a malignity which *might* perhaps be appreciated by those who have suffered solitary durance-vile on a rainy Sabbath, but which certainly has not its parallel in the ordinary course of human events.

I pity the man who, in any other city, cannot drum up agreeable companions, pretty faces, or something to pass time on. But Ferrara!

My excellent friend, as I now write alone, and as the recollection of the sickening solitude of that town comes over me, I feel half disposed to rush out and join the first human being I meet. Ah, thank Heaven, there is somebody walking by!

It strikes me, that according to my own and others' experience, it would be absolutely profane, improper, incorrect, a sin, in fact, against the genius of the place, (if there be one,) to even attempt to be merry in such a God-and-man-forsaken hole.

What do you think, reader, of such jolly, comfortable, soul-inspiring sentiments as the following, taken from a journal dated April the first, on which day my friend C——, the author of said diary, had most appropriately entered Ferrara?

‘FERRARA is a silent, mournful city. An inhabited solitude sounds strangely,* but such it is. Sad and desolate, the stranger feels as if he had, by some mistake, been thrown out of time. How I long for the busy, bustling world! How gladly would I welcome *any* face that I have ever seen before! But no, here I am alone. A-a-a-ah-h me! how forlorn and dull!

‘As I sit in my room this evening, at dusk, I feel as wretchedly alone as human being can. I am in the first hotel of the town, and the only soul in it, except the landlord and servants. Oh, dreariness!

‘‘Ah me! I am weary, weary,
I would I were abed!’’

Reader, I will give you one or two of my own observations in Ferrara. I was tramping along one morning through the town, with a villanous

* Not at all, friend C——. ‘Enter the King *solus*, with two fiddlers,’ is an old precedent.

NOTE BY THE MEISTER.

old valet-de-place for a guide, when my attention was arrested by seeing an important-looking personage in uniform, blowing a trumpet. On concluding his music, he cried, in a loud voice, a sentence, the only word of which I could catch was, 'IL GONFALONIERE.'

I asked the *valet-de-place* what the trumpeter had said; but the old rascal, despite his dishonesty, was intensely proud of his native city, and evaded the question. Being closely pressed, he at length gave it: '*I summon you all, in the name of the Gonfaloniere, to come forth and weed the streets!*' It is well known that many of the streets of Ferrara are overgrown with grass. This has become such a reproach (or inconvenience) to the inhabitants, that means have been taken to remove it. Accordingly, as we went along; I saw numbers of old women and children come forth with baskets and knives for that purpose.

Those curious in such items may refer to John Murray for a description of Ariosto's house and ink-stand, or his manuscripts, with those of Tasso, in the library. But one souvenir of the past touched my soul on the raw. The *custode*, who showed me the ancient Palace d'Este, finally found his way to a room, which he called *Parisina's*.

'Very good; nothing more likely!' thought I, with an expression of intense gratification, looking round, meanwhile, at the walls with that vividly curious air with which we generally regard the masonry of any place where a remarkably interesting event has occurred. But I was right in this instance; for, on second thoughts, I took a squint at the ceiling!

'And HERE,' continued the guide, pointing to a very common, tawdry-looking, gilt, *Chinese* secretary, full of looking-glasses; '*here is Parisina's secretary; and,*' sinking his voice to an awful whisper, while glancing darkly and mysteriously around, '*and here, in these very secret drawers, her correspondence with Ugo was concealed!*'

Shade of Byron!

With which, I resume my young friend C——'s diary:

'APRIL 3: Retired early; rose ditto; got my coffee; paid a scandalously exorbitant bill; and found my way to the *diligence*.

'Company consisted of a lively Italian lady, rather *passée*, whose entire information on the subject of America was contained in a knowledge of the fact that FANNY ELLSLER (or Lesler, as they call her here in Italy) had been there. She had with her a remarkably stupid husband. Before long we reached the Po, and, while crossing it in a ferry-boat, our passports were examined. In walking about, I soon became aware that I was an object of great curiosity. All my movements were scanned with that 'I-wonder-what-he'll-do-next' sort of air, which was to me quite incomprehensible. To dissipate any nervous perplexities which might arise, I took out my pipe. Immediately the eyes of all present were fixed upon it, as though the calumet of the great Nantucket fog-giant himself had appeared. I wanted a light: immediately half a dozen matches were tendered me, by as many men. My choice made, I could at once observe that the fortunate individual thus honored at once became himself a lion, of lesser magnitude, and had a knot collected round him, to whom he seemed to be confidentially narrating something, ever and anon mysteriously exhibiting his match-case, which was turned over and examined by all with intense interest.

'When I walked along the boat, every one respectfully made way for me, and kept silence until I had passed. But what it all meant I could not guess. When I approached the horse, (for it was a wheel-boat, worked by a one-horse power,) the engineer (I mean the man who fed and whipped the animal) looked as if he would have given all he knew to have me speak a word to him. Only one man on board seemed to put on a *nil-admirari* air, and affect to care nothing for the stranger. For this man I at once, naturally, conceived a deep antipathy, which immediately subsided into intense contempt. I had no doubt, that if he would only uncover his head, instead of a hump of veneration, I should behold a cavity in which a hen might hide herself. Soon a keen-eyed, gentlemanly, man-of-the-world-looking officer in mufti came up, and, addressing me in French, said:

'Excuse me; but you may not be aware that you are quite a lion at present?'

'Indeed!' quoth I, innocently, and attempting to come the air generally assigned on the stage to emperors in disguise; 'indeed! and why?'

'Because they have found out, by the passport, that you are an American; and one may well believe, that *they* all see an American now for the first time.'

'My new friend did not belie his appearance. In five minutes we had slidden into an intimacy, the good effects of which were manifested immediately after at the office of the '*Dogana*,' on the other side, where, amid all the searching of trunks and boxes, he imperatively laid his hand on my baggage, and signified to the officials that they need not trouble me.

'But,' said I, 'my pockets are loaded with tobacco; what if they should take a look at them?'

'*Parbleu!*' quoth he, laughing, 'so are mine!'

'With these words, he took out a bag full of the article, and shook it laughingly at the *douanier*, who grinned wistfully at the prohibited commodity.

'We breakfasted at Rovigo, and arrived in Padua that afternoon. My officer went directly on to Venice in the rail-road cars, while I, who, owing to the joint lies of the head-waiter and landlord, had unwittingly taken a *diligence* ticket *through*, had to wait an hour for the vehicle which was to convey me, which hour I spent in the *Café Pedrocchi*.

'THE CAFÉ PEDROCCHI,' says the Guide Book, 'is really a species of national monument, from its splendor. The exterior is of marble; the style, Italian-Gothic, and remarkably good. It is curious to see the pattern of an ancient palazzo revived for such a purpose. While the building was in progress, Pedrocchi was present every evening, and paid all the workmen ready money, and always in old Venetian gold. He had been left in poor circumstances, and lived in a ruinous little old house upon the site of his present Fairy Palace, which, falling into decay, he was compelled to pull down. Suddenly he abounded in riches—as many stories are now afloat concerning hidden treasures, and yet more awful things, as would furnish materials for a legend—and thus was the present magnificent structure raised. During the building, portions of an ancient Roman

edifice were discovered, and the marbles so found have been employed in the slabs and pavements of the salone.'

'At last the diligence started, with me for the only passenger; and such a glorious, stout, silent, gruff old Hungarian for *conducteur*! Wishing to enjoy the scenery, I sat with him on the box outside. He smoked his straw cigar for some time, and then came out with:

"*Kommen sie von weitem her?*" (Do you come from a distance?)

"*Ja*," quoth I, 'from America.'

"And America is in England, is it not?" he asked, in a tone indicating some little complacency at the extent of his own information.

"*Nein*," I replied; 'three thousand miles distant.'

'This was a poser for the old fellow, and he smoked over it at least ten minutes.

"And of what religion are the people in your country?"

'I was (*mea culpa*) strongly tempted to reply, 'Oh, heathens, of course!' but contented myself with explaining that we had a great variety.

'We had crossed the *Po* and the *Adige* that morning, and now rode along 'the banks of the Brenta,' stopping at Dolo.

'At last I went inside. How glorious! A diligence all to myself! Why, it was a high-pressure luxury! No fat old gentleman punching his elbows into you; nobody opposite to cross legs with, or beg pardon of for treading on his corns. No lady to keep you from smoking.* Oh lordly! I lay out, *à la American*, so as to take up as much room as possible; shut the windows, lighted my meerschaum, and smoked till the interior was like an opal or cairngorum. I amused myself by imagining the vehicle full of English travelers, of the most tobacco-hating description conceivable. Then I opened the window; puff went the smoke!

'Night came, and at last our diligence stopped. I paid the postilions, and was conducted to a long boat, covered over. The Hungarian, who had constituted himself my guide, guardian, uncle and protector for the time being, saw to every thing for me; packed me away comfortably on a seat, with one of his big shaggy coats; scolded me, got me a cigar, jumped in himself, and we started.

'On, on, on, for an hour, and not a sight save the twinkling of many lights far in the distance, and few sounds save the plashing of our oars. I could understand nothing of what the boatmen said; it was a new dialect, *Venetian*; nor my Hungarian, who conversed earnestly for a long time with another *conducteur* in the same *patois*. He seemed, as far as I could make out, to be angry at having had the charge of '*ma'tratti i forestieri*'—*id est*, abusing foreigners—put forward as an accusation against him. We stopped at the *dogana*, where I gave up my passport, and then rowed on.

"And now we are entering the city," said the Hungarian.

'I looked out. Yes; there it was. Star-ray and moon-beam shone over spire and palace, over bridge and gondola. City of mystery and beauty, for which my soul had longed since early childhood, thou wert before me! ay, even as I had seen thee in my dreams. Yes, it was a reality now; the dreams were fulfilled; I saw thee, Queen of the Adriatic,

* G'r'r'r, you swine!—NOTE BY THE MEISTER.

fair city of the waters. With what a throbbing earnestness I drew within myself, and said, 'Now thou art really in Venice; this can no one take from thee, that thou hast seen thy dream-city!' And the Hungarian still growled on in his *patois*; the boatmen sang loudly and merrily; our boat darted like a swallow into the Grand Canal, and with a glad heart I entered that great city, though no friend or acquaintance awaited my arrival, and no soul save the hotel-keepers cared for my coming.

"*Itzt kommé mer zur Rialto Brücke,*" quoth the Hungarian. I looked out. There it was, right before me! the *Rialto*! "*Du Lieber Gott!*" quoth I. The boat darted on; another second, and the bridge was arching darkly over our heads. Shade of Shylock, it was a fact! And Shakspeare must be true, every word!

'And on, on, on! This was Venice. Palace and spire faded by, one after the other. We stopped at the Post.

"Will you take a *gondola* to go to your hotel?" said the Hungarian.

"Won't I?" quoth I. "*Only try me!*"

The Hungarian smiled grimly. He had been young *once*, and stepping out, ordered a two-oared *gondola*, at two *zwanzigers*.

'*There* it floated in all its glory, filling the air around with beauty; a real black *gondola*; jet-black, ink-black, lamp-black, looking for all the world like a hearse afloat. So in I tumbled. 'Sink or swim, live or die,' thought I, 'I will at least have one glide.' 'Look you, Sir traveller, wear strange suits, or people will scarcely think that you have swum in a *gondola*.' 'That doesn't apply to me *now*,' thought I, solemnly; 'I've been and done it.'

'Oh pescator dell' onda — *Fidolin*.

Oh pescator dell' onda — *Fidolin*.

Vieni pescar in qua —

— Colla bella sua Carcha,

Colla barcha se ne va — *Fidolin!*'

'Auf allen meiner Reisen

Fidibus!

Thät sich der spruch beweisen,

Fidibus!

Verschunden ist das Geld,

Aus 'm Beutel — ach wie eitel,

Ist doch alles in der Welt.

Fidibuschen! Fidibus!'

'In all my weary journeys,

Omnibus!

'Mongst bandits or attorneys,

Omnibus!

One thing I've always found;

If you know it, how to get it,

Then you'll never run aground.

Omnibus! Omnibus!'

VENICE.

'*VIDERAT* Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in Undis

Stare urbem et toto ponere jura mari:

Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis Jupiter arcels

Obijce, et illa tui moenia Martis, ait:

Si pelago Tybrim praeferas, urbem aspice utrumque,

Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.'

JAC. SANNAZAR. EPIGR. LIB. I.

'Venus and Venice are of like degree,

Venus is Queens of Love — Venice of policie.'

HOWELL'S LETTERS.

WHETHER all our party experienced the same rapturous emotions as my young friend C., in first beholding Venice, swimming in gondolas or *flanéeing* about St. Mark's and the Rialto, I know not; nor whether they were equally delighted with myself in reaching a land of good cigars, prime coffee, superb *Kirschwasser*, and an admirable opera. But to judge from appearances, I should say that they were fully disposed to do average justice to all such items, particularly the last two.

Venice is not a city to live and die by; though one can pass weeks or even months in it, without experiencing *ennui* or dissatisfaction, I could never yet rid myself of the feeling which is said to have haunted an old sea-captain while there; *id est*, an irrepressible longing to go on shore. True, there is a vague report or theory that every house in the city may be approached by land; but we all soon experienced such difficulty in our attempts at practical solutions of portions of this puzzle, that we generally, at the first perplexity, cut the Gordian by ordering the best gondola within hail. This perpetual intermixture and interference of aquatics with the ordinary interests of life, naturally produces on new-comers a singular effect. Miss —— was almost afraid to go from one apartment to another, for fear of stepping into the Grand Canal; and opened every door with as much caution as if she expected, like the sorceress in the Arabian Nights, to behold a river flowing across the room. Nearly all our party declared that their dreams turned upon flowing water, plashing wavelets, and walks with iron rings, ever wet by the restless flood. The Wolf inquired of the company one day at dessert, whether a Venetian had, as things exist, more than half a right to boast of his Father-land, while a fat old gentleman in the corner (a stranger to us) suggested as postscript that he could imagine nothing of which a regular native could have a *firmer terror* than *terra firma*. Which outrageous *squawk* at once brought down on his head the wrath of the entire assembly, who unanimously declared that the perpetrator of such villany deserved to be thrown at once into the canal. To which the old gentleman, becoming very red about the gills, declared in great wrath that 'he'd like to see them try it.' To which young C. retorted, in an under-tone, that he would do it directly, were he not afraid of spoiling the fish. At which the venerable man cried, '*Hold!*' acknowledged the corn, and begged leave to stand half a dozen of Montebello.

'I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
With MURRAY's red-bound guide-book in my hand;
When lo! an Englishman before me, cries,
'That 'ere's the Bridge of Sizz!'

Well, reader, I know not whether it be as strictly forbidden at present to go upon the Bridge of Sighs as it was when I was there, but if such *should* be the case, I would advise you to present an Austrian officer, as I, did with a *zwanziger*, which will obtain for you instant admission; *i. e.*, if you care to go; which I certainly should have neglected to do, had not a gentleman, invested with some little diplomatic authority, assured me that as *he* had never been able to effect an entrance, *ergo*, I need not try. Great is the folly of this world! nor was mine the least.

From the Bridge of Sighs we pass naturally to the Galleries of the Doge's Palace. And there, near what was once a 'Lion's mouth,' (the lion is gone, and only the aperture remains,) the traveler may observe fixed in the wall several tablets, bearing inscriptions. It was usual, in ancient Venice, when a state-officer had been guilty of any great offence against the commonwealth, to expose to public view a short statement of his crime, for the edification of other functionaries, and the particular gratification, we may presume, of his family and friends. Of

such a nature are these tablets. The reader may observe that the two following commemorate the *faux pas* of a couple of 'defaulters':

'MDCCXVIII.

'GIO. GIACOMO CAPRA FU CONTADOR NELLA CASA GRANDE DEL MAGISTRATO ALLE CHIAVE CANDITO DALL' ECCO: CONS: DII XCC: LI: 6: SETTEMBRE COME MINISTRO INFEDELE E REO DI GRAVE INTACCO FATTO NELLA CASSA MEDEMA.

'VETTUNA MAFETTI DEL BRAZO QU' GIACOMO GIA' NODARO IN QUESTO MAGISTRATO DELLE CHIAVE FU' CAPITA LAMENTE CANDITO A' XXX' MAGGIO MDCCXXX MLDALL' ECCOLSO CONSIGLIO DI DIECI PER ENORME INTACCO DI PEGNI ASCENDENTE A RIGUARDEVOLE SUMMA DI DENARO A' GRAVE PREGUDIZIO DELLE PUBBLICA CASSA.'

But of all rich inscriptions, gentle reader, the one posted up in the Chamber of the Council of the Ten was probably the richest. Whether it was placed there as an intensely spicy joke by some Pantagruelistic statesman, I could never learn. But that it was fearfully inappropriate, considering the general course of Venetian diplomacy, no one will deny:

'PRIMUM SEMPER ANTE OMNIA DILIGENTE INQUIRE: UT CUM JUSTITIA ET CHARITATE DIFFINIAS: NEMINEM CONDEMNES ANTE VERUM ET JUSTUM JUDICIUM; NULLUM JUDICETIS SUSPITIONIS ARBITRIO SED PRIMUM PROBATE ET POSTEA CHARITATIVAM SENTENTIAM PROFERTE ET QUOD VOBIS NO VULTIS FIERI ALTERI FACERE NOLITE.'

'BEFORE all things, search diligently into every matter, that ye may discern justly and charitably; that ye may condemn none except by a true and righteous judgment; that ye may judge none by arbitrary suspicion; but first thoroughly examine, and then render a charitable opinion, and what you would not do to yourself, be unwilling to do to another.'

I originally intended that this chapter should be something better than a mere collection of odds and ends, snippings and snappings, slippings and sloppings, chippings and choppings. But he is a fortunate man who knows how his wife will turn out; or rather she is a doubly fortunate woman who finds in her husband all that she expected; and three or four times blessed is that writer who can form an accurate idea as to the manner in which a chapter must inevitably conclude. But since I am fairly in for the desultory, here goes for a few more items, pepper-boxically distributed.

In Venice, as in other European cities, every shop has its peculiar name, like the hotels and restaurants in our own country. And this is indicated either by a picture or an inscription. Among the latter I observed a cheese-monger's establishment, whose sign was '*Alla Divina Provvidenza*,' TO DIVINE PROVIDENCE; a brandy-shop dedicated to the MOST HOLY TRINITY, a café to the HOLY REDEEMER, and a tallow-chandler's simply to the REDEEMER, without an adjective.

There are in Venice large gondolas, termed Omnibuses, which take up and let down passengers at any points on the Grand Canal which they may designate, for a trifling fare. I took a ride in Number XIII., and found it infinitely the best *'bus* (in a vehicular sense) that I ever tried. VEHICULAR!—even yet I may be misunderstood; for are we not transported by busses, be they of what description they may?

The CA' D' ORO, or Golden House, though not the largest, is undoubtedly, to a romantic taste, by far the most striking and beautiful among the Venetian palaces. It had begun to decay, but has been purchased, I am told, and completely restored by Taglioni, *la Danseuse*. A more

appropriate tenant for such a building would be difficult to conceive. For who, I ask, *ought* to live in palaces, if not great artists, the teachers of the beautiful? And I pity that man who confounds the bright particular stars of the *ballet* with chorus-dancers, and performers in *Les Poses Plastiques*, as much as I do the spiteful ignoramus who condemned the painter for his impiety in painting CHRIST and Judas with pigments 'all out of the same pot.' Those who affect to condemn the ballet, yet pretend to appreciate the beautiful in art and nature, will do well to look at the compliment paid by the grave Professor Thiersch, in his *Ästhetik*, to the talent of Ellsler and Taglioni.

Italian wit, or even *insolence*, is sometimes over-matched. An Austrian having business with some Venetian officials, and being unacquainted with their language, addressed the principal in his native tongue: '*I am not a wild ass, to bray in German,*' politely replied, in French, the individual addressed. 'Strange,' answered the Austrian, looking contemptuously round at the assembly, 'that the *slaves* have not yet learned the language which their master speaks.' An interpreter was at once offered.

I have not unfrequently remarked in Venice small placards on the walls, bearing the name of one or the other clergyman, accompanied by a highly commendatory sentence, the formula being as follows: '*In segno d'esultazione pel nostro Vicario Sebastian Valier.*' 'In sign of exultation for our vicar Sebastian Valier.' Of the nature of the services rendered by the worthy gentleman which entitled him to this extraordinary eulogium, I am not informed.

I WAS sailing along the Grand Canal one fine morning in a gondola with a New-York friend, when we espied, for the first time, the black porter of the Leone Bianco Hotel, basking in the sun. Uprose my friend and cried out, '*I say, Buck, how did you get there?*' Great was the darkey's joy, as he replied, on the broad grin, 'Lord bless me, Mas, *is* you American?' 'Well, I am,' was the reply; 'what do *you* do here?' With a still intenser grin, shutting up both eyes and chuckling, Ebony replied, 'Dey puts me out here in front for a bait to 'trap' de Americans wid!'

I HAVE always been an admirer of 'flying leaves,' popular songs, and ha'penny literature generally. Nor do the 'last dying speeches and confessions' of England; the 'Marseillaise,' 'Bon roi Dagobert,' and 'Chant du Départ' of France, or the *Volksbücher* of Germany, afford a more certain indication of the respective national temperaments and tendencies of the people of those countries than the corresponding class of compositions in Italy of that which interests its own multitude. In Rome and Naples, with the exception of many popular songs, (for which vide the *Agrumi* of Von Kopisch,)* the vulgar literature is exclusively religious. With that of Florence I am not acquainted. In Venice, a new element develops itself, at least one half of such leaves or pamphlets consisting of accounts of noted criminals, or historical, supernatural, or humorous sketches and legends. In Bologna and Milan, a coarse, vulgar humor pre-

* ALSO, MIGLIORATO's collection of '*Canzoni popolari Nap. e Sic.*'

dominates. The titles of my own bundles would form a chapter interesting enough to the D'Israelis of literature.

I design these remarks as an introduction to the translation of a little pamphlet of six pages, which I bought in the Piazzia di San Marco. And I sincerely trust that no one will understand me as designing or desiring by its publication to cast the slightest ridicule on religion or on faith, in however humble a form it may manifest itself.

F A I R Y - L A N D .

BY WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER, ESQ.

Love! those were wondrous days of old,
 When fairies revelled on the earth,
 Now dancing in the moonbeams cold,
 Now hovering o'er the cottage hearth,
 Now cradled in the perfumed beds
 To which moss-roses oft would woo them,
 Now, where the tall pines nod their heads,
 Floating, like strains of music, through them.

Deep, deep within the forest dells,
 Where foot of man had never trod,
 Where old oaks stood like sentinels
 Around the smoothly-shaven sod,
 Their merry bands would come and sport
 Throughout the live-long summer day;
 And there would OBERON hold his court,
 Surrounded by each sprite and fay.

Beneath their feet would fountains spring,
 That cast above them silver showers,
 Wherein they laved each weary wing,
 As delicate as leaves of flowers.
 The trees that bourgeoned at their side
 Were hung all o'er with rarest fruit;
 The breeze that wantoned wild and wide,
 Made music like the softest lute.

Above this strange, sweet place, the sky
 Hung tinged with glorious, golden hues
 Or if a storm-cloud floated by,
 It melted into fragrant dews.
 Oh, for one glance at this bright spot,
 One moment on its soil to stand!
 But mortal eyes might view it not,
 Nor mortal tread on FAIRY-LAND.

They all have fled, those gentle sprites,
 Within those haunted dells no more
 TITANIA with her train alights:
 The fairy revels all are o'er.

But there are spots my feet have pressed,
When summer suns were sinking low,
That seemed to me so calm, so blest,
That fairies well the haunt might know.

Sit closer to me, sweet: the blush
Is mantling rarely on thy cheek;
I know full well that gentle flush
Betokens what thou may'st not speak;
For memory summons to thy brain
The eve when, with a happy band,
We crossed the fields and reached the plain
That thy dear lips named 'FAIRY-LAND.'

Through slumberous woods the pathway steals
That leadeth to this quiet scene,
And suddenly its close reveals
The hidden landscape, smooth, serene.
On either side, a gentle hill,
To meet the plain, comes greenly down,
And there, embosomed, hushed and still,
It lies, a gem in Nature's crown.

Upon that eve, the burning thought
That in my bosom long had lain,
Rose up, and for expression sought,
And yet I hushed it down again:
For thou wert coy, and shunned my side;
Dearest, thou wilt not shun it now!
And Love, o'ermastered, quelled by Pride,
In vain had flushed my cheek and brow.

We left that lovely spot: my heart
Throbb'd high with passion, mixed with fear;
And oh! I felt the tear-drop start,
To think that thou wert still so dear:
Yet ere the moon began to wane,
That shone that evening in the grove,
I looked into thine eyes again,
And in those eyes read naught but love!

Thou lovest me: my heart has found
The rest that it hath sought so long:
Through grief and pain its pathway wound,
To happiness untold in song:
And with thy dear form close to me,
Thus clasped in mine thy timid hand,
Oh, loved one! canst thou doubt that we
Have found the spirit's FAIRY-LAND?

Above us spreads the sky of Hope,
Beneath us flowerets wave and move,
Sweet flowers, whose dewy petals ope
To catch the welcome breath of Love:
Our footsteps tread on magic ground,
Our brows by fragrant winds are fanned;
Yes, yes! at last our hearts have found
The soil, the breeze of FAIRY-LAND!

Newcastle, Me., Nov. 19, 1851.

A N N E L I O T .

It was a peculiar blessing of the Reverend JOHN ELIOT, styled in the early history of New-England, the 'Apostle of the Indians,' to have had, during the self-denial and hardship of his lot, for so many years, the solace of a most careful, loving, and pious wife, who found in her home duties her highest happiness.

ANN MOUNTFORT, born in England in 1604, was the cherished object of his young affections. They were affianced ere he left his native land, in 1631, at the age of twenty-seven, to bear the message of the gospel to what was then called the 'western wilderness.' It was deemed prudent by their relatives that the marriage should not take place until he had gone over, and decided on some permanent abode, and made such preparation for her arrival as circumstances might allow.

The blasts of November were bleak and searching, when, after long tossing upon the deep, he landed, with his small band of colonists, upon the shores of Massachusetts. After officiating a short time in Boston, he decided on a settlement in Roxbury, and sent to hasten his betrothed to his home and to his heart. Under the care of friends, who were to emigrate to that region, Ann Mountfort bade a life's farewell to the scenes of her infancy and those who had nurtured it, and committed herself to a boisterous ocean. The comforts that modern science has invented for the traveller on the trackless deep were then unknown. No noble steamer, with its lofty deck and luxurious state-rooms, appeared with the promise of speed and safety, and with a power to make winds and waves subservient to its will.

Only a frail, rocking bark was there, which the billows seemed to mock. Wearisome days and nights, and many of them, were appointed to those who adventured their lives in such a craft. But the affianced bride shrank not. Often, amid storms, 'mounting up to the heavens, and going down to the depths,' and long, by the dreary prospect of seas and skies, and by the loathing heart-sickness which neither pen nor tongue hath described, was the complexion of her love and the fabric of her faith tested; and both triumphed.

At length, the New World stretched as a thin cloud to their view. More tardy than ever seemed the movements of the way-worn vessel. Hovering upon the coast, the autumnal brilliance of American forests and thickets, the crimson, the orange, and the umbered brown, blending, receding, and contrasting, beneath the bright rays of an October sun, struck the daughter of the dimmer skies of England as a gorgeous dream of Fairy-land.

The joy of the patriarch, who, going forth to 'meditate at the eventide,' saw the arching necks of the camels that bore to his mother's tent the daughter of Bethuel, surpassed not his, who, after long watching, and vainly questioning the sullen billows, at length descried the white sail that heralded his lone heart's treasure. And the maiden remembered no more the sorrow of the sea, in the welcome of the lover, who was all the world to her.

John Eliot and Ann Mountfort were married immediately after her arrival, and commenced their housekeeping in what was then called Roxborough, about a mile from Boston. Simple, almost to rudeness, were the best accommodations that the pastor had it in his power to offer; but the young wife was satisfied, for the home that her presence illumined was a paradise to her husband.

Scarcely more than ten years had elapsed since the colonists at Plymouth first set foot upon the snow-clad rocks, tenanted only by wild beasts and savages. Though visible progress had been made during that period in the accession of household comforts, yet many of those luxuries which we are accustomed to count as necessities were unattainable. Carpets, sofas, the sheltering curtains, and the burnished grates of the mother-land, with their never-dying coal fires, were unknown. Yet the unadorned apartment and homely board were beautiful to them; for love was there, a love whose entireness was perfected and made permanent by having its root in the love of a SAVIOUR.

In the autumn of the following year, 1633, their first-born, a fair daughter, smiled upon them, waking a fountain of unimagined joy, and making their hearts more at home in the stranger-land. The cradle of rude boards rocked on a still ruder floor. But the lullaby of the young mother gushed out with as rich melody as in any baronial hall; and doubly sweet in the wilderness were the hallowed, half-inspired words of Watts:

‘Hush, my dear! lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed.’

In addition to this new treasure, the next twelve years gathered around Ann Eliot five little sons. Her watchful tenderness for the physical and spiritual welfare of her intrusted flock, never slumbered. Nothing was neglected that maternal zeal or diligence could devise or perform. She was careful to nourish them on plain and wholesome food, believing that the indulgence of luxurious or inordinate appetites lay a foundation not only for bodily ills, but moral infirmity. Obedience, the key-stone of education in primitive times, was so early taught as to mingle with the first developments of character; and industrious employment, suited to difference of age, judiciously mingled with the sports of childhood. Their young minds clinging around her, their teacher, with a loving tenacity, as they put forth new tendrils, or leaves like those of the lilac, fragrant ere they unfolded, gave accessions to her happiness, for which she daily praised God.

Sometimes, the wintry winds, swaying the branches of the naked trees, swept them against their lowly roof with a melancholy sound. The apostle might be absent among his Indian flock, at Natick, fifteen miles distant, for the elements stayed him not. Then nearer and nearer to herself she gathered her nurslings, ‘a nest of five brothers, with a sister in it,’ teaching and cheering them. In the hushes of her loved voice, or in the pauses of the storm, they listened for the father’s footsteps, and piled higher the fire of logs with blazing brush-wood, that, as the evening deepened, his own window might gleam out to him as a blessed star.

Ever solicitous, like the mother, for their instruction in the things that accompany salvation, he studied to render the morning and evening

family devotion not a monotonous task to them, but a season of interested attention. Order and quietness were, of course, established among them, and then, from the portion of Scripture that preceded the prayer, each child was permitted to select such passage or expression as most pleased or impressed its mind; no matter whether it were but a line, or even a single word. They were encouraged to make a remark upon it, to ask a question about it, to speak of it throughout the day. It was their own 'goodly pearl' that they had found by the still waters. It was their own little seed of knowledge that they had chosen for themselves. In the heart of the parent was a prayer that God would suffer it to grow and bring forth fruit unto eternal life. No matter how broken or infantine the phrase in which the young thought, thus born of the Inspired Book, might clothe itself, no fear obstructed its utterance, for there was no critic to frown. There was the revered father, bending his ear to listen; the earnest eye of the mother, ready to beam approval. Under this regimen, it was wonderful how soon the youngest bud lifted up its tiny dew-drop.

Mrs. Eliot, amidst her devotedness to the care and nurture of her six children, found time for those many duties that devolved on a New-England house-keeper of the olden time, when it was difficult and almost impossible to command the constant aid of domestics. To provide fitting apparel and food for her family, and to make this care justly comport with a small income, a free hospitality, and a large charity, required both efficiency and wisdom. This she accomplished without hurry of spirit, fretfulness, or misgiving. But she had in view more than this: so to perform her own part, as to leave the mind of her husband free for the cares of his sacred profession. This she also performed. Her understanding of the science of domestic comfort, and her prudence, the fruit of a correct judgment, so increased by daily experience, that she needed not to lay her burdens upon him, or to drain the strength with which he would fain serve at the altar. 'The heart of her husband did safely trust in her,' and his tender appreciation of her policy and its details was her sweet reward.

It was graceful and generous in the good wife thus to guard, as far as in her lay, his time and thoughts from interruptions. For, in addition to his pastoral labors, in which he never spared himself, were his mission-toils among the heathen. His poor, red-browed people counted him their father. He strove to uplift them from the habitudes of savage life. Groping amid their dark wigwams, he kneeled by the bed of skins where the dying lay, and pointed the dim eye to the star of Bethlehem. They wept in very love for him, and grasped his skirts as one who was to lead them to heaven. The meekness of his MASTER dwelt with him, and day after day he was a student of their uncouth articulations, until he could talk with the half-clad Indian child, and see its eye brighten. Then he had no rest until the whole of the Book of God, that 'light to lighten the Gentiles,' was transfused into their language. It is a well-known fact, that the first volume which ever proceeded from the New-England press was the Aboriginal Bible of the Apostle Eliot. All its pages were written with a single pen, consecrated by prayer to that peculiar work. Sacred pen! Ought it not to have been preserved, like 'Aaron's rod that budded, with the tables of the covenant.'

No wonder that Ann Eliot should have deemed it a service of piety to shield such a husband from the perplexity and lowering tendency of secular cares. Not only did she succeed in rendering a small salary equivalent to all the needs, proprieties, and charities of their position, but also managed to lay aside something for a future day, when sickness or age should quell the energies of action. Singularly regardless was the apostolic man of all such worldly wisdom. The bread of to-morrow never occupied his thoughts. Perhaps even that of the passing day might not have entered there, save that it formed a petition of the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples. He said that the sons of Levi should not seek their heritage below, and that the 'earth was no fit place on which to lay Aaron's holy mitre.'

An historian of these times, in describing how little his peaceful mind occupied itself with the science of accumulation, says, 'Once, when there stood several of his own kine before his door, his wife, to try him, asked, 'Whose kine are these?' and she found he knew nothing about them.'

Among the multitude of employments which a systematic division of time enabled her to discharge, without omission or confusion, was a practical knowledge of medicine, which made her the guardian of the health of her young family. The difficulty of commanding the attendance of well-educated physicians, by the sparse population of an infant colony, rendered it desirable, and almost indispensable, that a mother should be neither unskilled nor fearful amid the foes that so thickly beset the first years of life. The success of Mrs. Eliot in the rearing and treatment of her own children, caused her experience to be coveted by others. In her cheerful gift of advice and aid, she perceived a field of usefulness opening around her, especially among the poor, to whom, with a large charity, she dispensed safe and salutary medicines. But her philanthropy was not to be thus limited to the children of penury. Friends and strangers sought her in their sicknesses, and she earnestly availed herself of the best medical works that she could obtain, to increase her knowledge, and her confidence in its application. To her well-balanced mind and large benevolence, it seemed both proper and pleasant, that while the beloved companion of her life devoted his energies and prayers to the welfare of the soul, she should labor for the health of the body. Often they found themselves side by side at the couch of suffering, and a double blessing from those ready to perish came upon them.

To the pastor himself, this sphere of benevolence, where his wife so willingly wrought, was a source of intense satisfaction, and he tenderly encouraged her both in the study and exercise of the healing art. He exulted in her success, as far as his heaven-wrapt spirit could exult in any thing of earth. Deeply delighted and grateful was he when, on one prominent occasion, her skilful and ready service enabled them effectually to discharge the difficult Christian duty of rendering good for evil. Notwithstanding the meekness and self-denial of his course, he was not always exempt from the shafts of calumny. A man of a proud and lawless temper took offense at a sermon of his, and repaid his 'simplicity and godly sincerity' with hatred and persecution. His passionate abuse extended to both tongue and pen. After a considerable period of time, he sustained a dangerous accident, and Mrs. Eliot, whose fortitude did not

shrink from surgical cases, undertook the dressing of his wounds. Her services were gladly accepted, and eventually successful. After his recovery, he called to render thanks in person. The forgiving pastor took him by the hand, and, as it was meal-time, led him to his table. In the grace that preceded the repast, he gave thanks that the sick was restored. She, who had so faithfully labored for his healing, was in her seat at the table, to dispense her free hospitality with the smile of welcome. No allusion was made to the past; but were there not writhings of remorse in the heart of the traducer? The warmth of these coals from the Christian altar melted enmity into love, and the man who had been so openly injurious ever afterward took pains to prove that he 'to whom much is forgiven, loveth much.'

It might naturally have been expected that a woman so high-principled as Mrs. Eliot, so firm in duty, so fervent in holy trust, would be also exemplary in the endurance of affliction. Though she considered her lot as a favored one, never having accounted toil or privation as evils, she had her share in that cup which He who drank it to the dregs usually appoints his disciples to taste.

Her six carefully-nurtured children all attained a vigorous maturity, save the youngest but one. He was a fine boy of twelve, earnest both in books and sports, and pressing with joyful expectation on the verge of active life. Suddenly, at its threshold, he faltered and fell. 'God touched him, and he slept.'

Four other sons remained. Each in succession received the benefits of a collegiate education, and all cheered the hearts of their parents by decidedly and seriously choosing the work of the ministry.

Samuel, who was two years older than his brother whom the tomb had so early claimed, was lovely both in person and in mind. He was a graduate of Harvard at nineteen, and eminent in his youthful bloom, both for learning and goodness. In love with knowledge, he lingered a while as a fellow of the university, ere he should assume the crook of the sacred shepherd, and lead souls beside living waters. The wing of the dark angel overshadowed him, as he mused among the pages of wisdom, and communed with the spirits of other times. His bright eye grew dim to earth. He went to read in the Book of Heaven.

The first-born son bore the name of the father, and inherited his gentle temperament. He was refined by a love of classic lore and the attainment of many accomplishments. The warmth and force of his pulpit eloquence were proudly appreciated by the people at Newton, among whom he was settled; and his zealous piety moved him to give instruction to the roving natives, having mustered the aboriginal language. His parsonage was made pleasant by the young bride whom he had brought there, and mingling with the song of birds was a new music; the voice of a babe, stirring the parents' hearts with strange gladness. But a few months had passed over the head of the boy, the third John Eliot, ere the father lay in his coffin. In the strength and fulness of his prime, having scarcely numbered his thirty-second year, he was removed from a loving flock and cherished home.

'He grew so fast,' says the author of the *'Magnalia Christi Americana,'* 'that he was soon ripe for heaven, and upon his death-bed uttered such

penetrating things as could proceed only from one on the borders and confines of eternal glory.'

One of the latest of his precious counsels which is recorded was to 'his dear friends, to get an interest in the blessed LORD JESUS CHRIST.'

Of this diminished family two sons remained, bearing the names of the children of Rachel—Joseph and Benjamin. The destroying angel stayed his hand, and the lenient influences of time, and the balm of God's Holy Spirit, healed the wounds that he had made.

Joseph Eliot had assumed the charge of a church in Guilford, Conn. The difficulties of change of place, and the obstructions presented to travelers in those days, rendered his removal to a different State a grave circumstance in his native home. Letters were welcomed as now they might be from a distant land, and a visit was an achievement; for there were dark forests, and rough roads, and scarcely fordable streams to be surmounted. But the parents knew that he had an attached people, and a faithful wife and little ones, like the olive plants, around his table. They were already advanced and somewhat wearied in the vale of years. Yet he was to go to rest before them. They saw him laid low with their buried treasures, and bowed themselves mournfully, though uncomplainingly, over the dead.

The youngest, Benjamin, the mother's darling, and the one who, perhaps, most resembled herself in person and in heart, was still spared.

Still she sat peacefully and lovingly by the side of her heavenly-hearted husband. More than fourscore years had passed over them. Their minds were unimpaired and their charities in action. Life to them was pleasant with hallowed memories and hopes that never die. The scenes of by-gone days gleamed before them as through the soft, dreamy haze of an Indian summer, the woes divested of their sting, and the joys sublimated. They spoke to each other of all that they had borne with the same humble gratitude. This love of their old age seemed like that of angelic natures.

Yet not useless were they, nor forgotten. No one was weary of them. The tender attentions of their daughter—herself a woman in the wane of years, but cheerful and vigorous—were unwearied and beautiful. It was supposed that she had overruled, in the prime of life, allurements to form a home for herself, that she might devote her life to her parents, and comfort them for the children they had lost. Doubtless her filial piety brought its own high reward.

Sometimes the venerable pastor ascended the pulpit, and in a voice enfeebled, though still sweet, besought his flock to love one another. Still to the arm-chair of his aged wife, where by the bright wood-fire and the clean hearth she sat, came those who suffered, and she gave medicine for the sick and food to the hungry.

Thither also came the poor forest children, no longer lords of the soil. Humbled in heart and sad, they found Christian welcome. They were told of a country where is no sorrow or crying, and urged to make the KING of that country their soul's friend. They loved him who had toiled to give them the Bible, and had baptized their children, and laid their dead in the grave with prayer. They loved her who had smiled so kindly upon and pitied their sick babes, as though they were her own. Their

dark brows were furrowed with sorrow as they marked the increasing infirmities of their white father and mother; for they said, 'When these go to the land of souls, who will remember us poor Indians?'

It was the great grief of Eliot, then approaching his eighty-fourth year, to see his heart's companion fading away from his aged arms. For more than half a century she had clung to him, or hovered around him, like a ministering angel. In the words of the prophet, he might have said, 'I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness to a land not sown.'

He would fain have hidden from himself her visible decline. Yet, day after day, he saw the light from heaven's windows beam more and more strongly upon her brow, and felt that she was to reach home before him. He who had borne all other trials firmly had not strength to take a full prospect of this. He could not willingly unclasp his hand from hers and lay it in the cold grasp of the King of Terrors. His prayer was that, if it were possible, they might go together down through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and up to the great white throne, and Him who sitteth thereon.

But her hour had come, and in that, as well as in all the duties of life, she was enabled to glorify God. Serenely she resigned the burden of this failing flesh, and entered a world of spirits. The desolate mourner-husband, it would seem, had never before fathomed the depths of grief. She who had been not only his help-meet but his crown, whom he had so long prized and cherished, rejoicing in her good works and in the honors she received, had gone and left him alone.

'God,' says a contemporary writer, 'made her a rich blessing, not only to her family, but to the neighborhood; and when at last she died, I heard and saw her aged husband, who very rarely wept, yet now with many tears over her coffin, before the good people, a vast confluence of whom were come to her funeral, say, *'Here lies my dear, faithful, pious, prudent, prayerful wife. I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me.'* And so he followed her to the grave, with lamentations beyond those with which Abraham deplored his aged Sarah.'

Touching and eloquent eulogium! and justly deserved. Equally so are a few lines from the pen of the apostle himself; which, though only intended as the simple record of a date and a fact, are embalmed with the tears of the heart:

'In this year, 1687, died mine ancient and most dearly beloved wife. I was sick unto death, but the LORD was pleased to delay me, and retain my service, which is but poor and weak.'

The sympathy of his flock was freely accorded to the smitten shepherd; for each one felt that the loss which bowed him down was their own. The popular affection was signified in a beautiful and somewhat unique form—a vote to erect a ministerial tomb; and a unanimous and quaintly expressed resolution, 'That Mrs. Eliot, for the great service she hath done this town, shall be honored with a burial there.'

Sincere tribute from honest hearts, more to be coveted than the plumed hearse and all the splendid mockery of wo. So, to the keeping of that tomb 'wherein man was never yet laid,' were intrusted the mortal remains of that saintly woman, whose consistent example of every duty

appertaining to her sex and sphere will be remembered through future generations. Scarcely had three more winters cast their snows upon the earth, ere the companion of her days was laid by her side, of whom it might have been said, as of a blessed man of old, 'that eighty-and-six years he had served his LORD and SAVIOUR, who did not forsake him at his last need.'

A B O U T T H E S E X .

BY AN EX-LOVER.

I.

WE think of WOMAN with a kind of shame—
We seem to understand her but in part;
And we may fetter, but we cannot tame,
The wild and wayward instincts of her heart.

II.

Wild in its friendship, whose capricious kindness
Is hard to earn, and easy to offend;
Wild in its love, whose persevering blindness
Is a caprice we may not comprehend.

III.

We worship in her what we cannot know;
The innocence, so quick to take alarm,
That seems to shrink and palpitate, as though
The shadow of impurity were harm.

IV.

She is so delicate, so weak and pliant,
Yet her soft hand, with its electric thrill,
Though laid upon the shoulder of a giant,
Would leave him only strength to do her will.

V.

Her witchery has brought the wise and great
To open shame; her glance has kindled war;
And many a pilot at the helm of state
Has steered to ruin by that wandering star.

VI.

We must for ever trust her—ever doubt her;
And, while our being has so brief a span,
Must find existence, with her or without her,
A choice of lives too difficult for man.

A SEQUEL TO SAINT LEGER.

Τίς δ' ὀίδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ καθαίνειν,
τὸ καθαίνειν δὲ ζῆν.

Who knows but life is death, and death is life?

Doß im Erstarren sich' ich nicht mein Heil,
Das Schauern ist der Menschheit bestes Theil.

YET not in firmness does our safety lie;
Trembling's the best part of humanity.

'Do you know,' said Josephine, in a subdued tone, as we walked slowly across the meadow, 'that to me Nature and Time seem at an eternal warfare; Time effacing and destroying, Nature producing and making new? How many evidences of the contest do we behold around us!'

'Of what were you thinking?'

'Of the mouldering chapel and the crumbling stone which guard the remains of those once active,

'But silent now, and sunk away:'

and of the scene about us; the verdure, the foliage, the cataract which leaps from rock to rock, the river, the valley, the everlasting hills, the round earth itself, which even now seems breathing at our feet. Thousand-voiced, do not all these hail the great PRODUCER and SUSTAINER?'

'And our hearts?'

'There, Nature preserves her freshness perpetual, if we are but true to her; if we are not, our hearts grow old and earthly, and so Time, the destroyer, does his work, even in them.'

'You are a philosopher.'

'I am not. I can find no philosophy which pleases me; and unless we are pleased, how can you expect us to be satisfied?' continued my companion, suddenly changing her tone to a gay one. 'Nay, philosopher I am none.'

'A proper test. An abstraction will hardly pleasure your sex, I know, and you are very frank to admit it.'

'And why should I not be frank?'

'Surely; why not?'

'Only *your* sex dare not avow so honestly, fearing you may make yourselves ridiculous.'

'*We* have not that privilege.'

'No, indeed; it is your province to be very wise, very profound, and very unmeaning.'

'And yours?'

'To be none of these.'

'And are you then so easily understood? I'—

'Hullo, there! which way are you walking? Do you not see that in

that direction you will never reach your calèche?' cried a stentorian voice from a distance.

We both turned, and beheld Dr. Lindhorst standing in the road near our carriage, and perceived that we were indebted to him for the friendly caution. We immediately changed our course, and were presently close upon him.

'Ah! I have made you hear me at last,' cried Dr. Paul, as we came up. 'It is strange that the sound did not reach you; it went precisely in the direction with the wind;' and the Doctor saluted my companion affectionately, while he gave me a cordial greeting. 'It is you, then, my little Josephine, who are pointing out objects of interest to our English friend. I suppose you have been across the meadow to view the situation of the strata in the hill which slopes so suddenly down. It is remarkably curious; full of different species of chamites, ostracites, globosites, selenites, strombites, and other similar petrifications. I am glad, Josephine, you remembered my direction, or you would scarcely have found them. I assure you the locality affords the best specimens this side of Berne. The stream, which rises farther up, and pours through the cleft of the rock yonder, is a curious spectacle. Do you know there are persons so foolish as to contend that the cleft was produced by the continual trituration of the water? Now, I admit that water, or indeed any liquid, may, by continual *dropping*, wear away stone — *non vi, sed saepe cadendo* — but *running* water is quite a different affair. It is very ridiculous to suppose it produces any such wonders. The clefts and the valleys are caused by great commotions in nature, and the streams, seeking their level, flow through these, wearing gradually a larger course and a wider channel. By-the-bye, were you not intending to return to your carriage? You were going quite out of the way when I called you.'

'By accident, we deviated from the path,' said I.

'Which is a thing,' returned Dr. Paul, 'I sometimes do myself, when *solus*; but I can hardly understand how two should happen at the same time to make the same mistake: it is a coincidence, a singular coincidence. Now I think of it,' continued the Doctor, 'where are your specimens?'

'To tell you the truth,' said Josephine, 'we did not'——

'Exactly; you thought best to make sure first of the locality. But this is always dangerous. You often lose an invaluable specimen by some person's stepping in before your next visit. Did I not discover, in the hill which rises above Musingen, the celebrated ostracite, which weighs nearly twenty pounds, and which now adorns the cabinet of my friend Dr. Wytttenbach, at Berne? but thinking it would be safe for the next eight-and-forty hours, I clambered over the mountain. When I came back—it pains me to think of it, although it was thirty years ago—that magnificent fossil was gone. My friend happened to be out the same day, took a similar route with myself, stumbled on my ostracite, and, being a more sensible man than I, secured the prize. I never made a second mistake of that kind; and let me impress it on both of you, always to take possession of what you find.'

'It seems to me,' said I, 'that your friend should have given up the ostracite to you, by virtue of first discovery.'

'There you wing him and me,' replied Dr. Paul. 'Wytttenbach learned

how matters stood, from Christoph Schuppach, to whom I mentioned my loss before I knew who had occasioned it, and forthwith sent to my cabinet, with many apologies, the famous specimen; which I, as an honest man should, returned instantler to the owner. Let this—I repeat it—be a warning to you both.

We had continued standing precisely in the same position during this conversation, and Dr. Paul showed no signs of quitting his post. I ventured, therefore, to ask him if he was going from or returning to Thun.

‘Scarcely one or the other, my friend,’ replied the Doctor. ‘I was told that a bed of slate had been discovered at the foot of yonder hill, like that found in the lower part of the Niess; which, by the way, is the last mountain of that high calcareous chain of which the Stockhorn, the Neuneren and the Ganterish are the principal, and which joins close upon the Alps. Now, although I *knew* it was not so, yet, old fool that I am, I must needs throw away half a day in making sure of what I was positive about. You see I have answered your question, and I shall now consider my time happily redeemed by coming back to the subject of the tertiary deposits of your country, which was so abruptly broken off when we first met. You are fresh from the spot, and have doubtless made new and important discoveries. I wonder if any further remains of the anaplothenium have been found in the Isle of Wight. It is singular I should have found a tooth, and been unable to light upon any other trace. But as to the tertiary deposits; is there no possibility of connecting them with those of the continent?’

Here Josephine Fluellen kindly came to my aid. ‘My dear Doctor,’ she cried, advancing to the naturalist, and laying her hand gracefully on his shoulder, ‘I fear the subject must once more be interrupted. Herr Saint Leger is engaged.’—

‘Quite right; entirely right; absolutely right,’ interrupted the worthy man. ‘I understand you without your saying another syllable: you have other localities to visit, and I have already too long detained you. When you pay me a visit, which I hope will be very shortly, we will go over the whole ground. Now you must lose no more time. As for myself, since I am here, I will just go once more and examine the *molasse* at a little distance yonder, which contains glossopetræ, though I admit they are but rarely to be found in it. Josephine, commend me to your excellent father. And, now I think of it, when is Annette coming home? Lina mourns her absence. She must come back; say to her, she must come back, the dear child, and comfort us all again.’

I fancied I could see a moisture in the eyes of that abstracted man; the thought of Annette seemed connected with some deeper feeling. ‘And so,’ I said to myself, ‘there is no armor *quite* proof against human manifestations. Like the invulnerable panoply of Achilles, some little point is left for the archer, and the arrow is sure to find it.’

We got into our calèche, and leaving Dr. Lindhorst to make his visits in search of the glossopetræ, we drove along pleasantly toward home. I could not but comment on the character of the worthy Doctor, and made several inquiries about him of my companion; then I recalled her promise to give me an account of Annette, who had interested me so much, and to whom Macklorne was so devoted. Josephine smiled; professed to

be amused at my curiosity; was half inclined to withhold her story, that, (as I insisted,) she might be more strongly importuned to tell it; then, with a smile and a look which sent a glow over my frame and a thrill through my soul, she proceeded:

‘Dr. Lindhorst has been an intimate friend of my father from the time they were both together at Heidelberg. The Doctor was born in Switzerland, and, after finishing the study of medicine, came back to his native town to practise it. Before this, however, he had become enthusiastically devoted to geology and its kindred sciences, botany and mineralogy; and, indeed, to all those pursuits which have direct relation to nature and her operations. His father dying soon after, and leaving him a handsome patrimony, he had abundant opportunity to indulge in them; which he did without, however, neglecting his profession. Indeed, he soon acquired a reputation for being skilful and attentive, while every one spoke in terms of commendation of the young Doctor Paul. Suddenly there was a change. He declined any longer to visit the sick, excepting only the most poor and miserable. He absented himself for days and weeks in the mountains, pursuing his favorite objects with an unnatural enthusiasm. Then he left Thun for foreign countries, and was gone two or three years, and returned with an accumulation of various specimens in almost every department of natural science: with note-books, herbariums, cabinets, strange animals stuffed to resemble life, birds, fishes, petrifications—in short, the air, the water, and the earth had furnished their quota to satisfy his feverish zeal for acquisition. He was still a young man, scarce five-and-twenty, but he bore the appearance of a person at least forty years old——’

‘But the cause of this strange metamorphose?’

‘No one pretends to tell,’ continued Josephine. ‘There is a report (and, my father, who, I am quite sure, knows all, does not contradict it) that Paul Lindhorst was attached to a young girl who resided in the same town, and that his affection was returned. On one occasion, a detachment of French soldiers was quartered in Thun for a short time, and a sub-lieutenant, who had in some way been made acquainted with her, was smitten with the charms of the pretty Swiss. I suppose, like some of her sex, she had a spice of coquetry in her composition, and now possessing two lovers, she had a good opportunity to practise it. Paul Lindhorst, however, was of too earnest a nature to bear this new conduct from the dearest object of his heart with composure, neither was it his disposition to suffer in silence. He remonstrated, and was laughed at; he showed signs of deep dejection, and these marks of a wounded spirit were treated with thoughtless levity or indifference; he became indignant, and they quarrelled. It is quite the old story: the girl, half in revenge, half from a fancied liking for her new lover, married him; soon the order for march came, and, by special permission, she was permitted to accompany her husband, as the regiment was to be quartered in France, and not to go on active service. Such,’ continued Josephine Fluellen, ‘is the story which I have heard repeated, and to which was attributed the extraordinary change in the young physician. His devotion to his favorite pursuits continued to engross him, he grew more abstracted, more laborious, more unremitting in his vocation. Again he visited foreign

lands, and was gone another three years. Returning, he brought, in addition to his various collections, a little bright-eyed, brown-haired child, a girl, some four years old; and taking her to his house, which he still retained, he made arrangements for her accommodation there, by sending to Berne for a distant relative, a widow lady, who had but one child, also a little girl, about the age of the stranger. She accordingly took up her residence with Dr. Lindhorst, and assumed the charge of both the children, while the Doctor continued to pursue his labors, apparently much lighter of heart than before?

‘But the child?’

‘I was about to add that I learned from my father the following account of it. He told me (but I am sure this is not known to any out of our own family) that as Dr. Lindhorst was returning home after his second long absence, he entered a small village near Turin, just as a detachment of ‘The Army of Italy’ were leaving it. The rear presented the usual motley collection of baggage-wagons, disabled soldiers, sutlers, camp-women, and hangers-on of all sorts, who attend in the steps of a victorious troop. As Paul Lindhorst stopped to view the spectacle, and while the wild strains of music could be heard echoing and reëchoing as the columns defiled around the brow of a mountain which shut them from his sight, the rear of the detachment came up and passed. At a short distance behind, a child, scarcely four years of age, without shoes or stockings, her hair streaming in the wind, and thinly clad, ran by as fast as her little feet could carry her, screaming, in a tone of agony and terror, ‘Wait for me, mamma!’ ‘Here I am, mamma!’ ‘Do not leave me, mamma!’ ‘Do wait for me, mamma!’ Paul Lindhorst sprang forward, and, taking the child in his arms, he hastened to overtake the detachment, supposing that by some accident the little creature had been overlooked. On coming up, he inquired for the child’s mother.

‘Bless me!’ said one of the women, ‘if there is not poor little Annette!’

‘We can’t take her; that’s positive,’ cried another.

‘How did she get here?’ exclaimed a third.

‘Something must be done,’ said a wounded soldier, in a compassionate tone. ‘Give her to me; I will carry her in my arms;’ and taking little Annette, who recognized in him an old acquaintance, he easily quieted her by saying her mamma would come very soon.

‘The Doctor at length discovered that the poor child’s mother had died in the village they were just leaving. He learned also that she was the wife of an officer who had been wounded some time before, and that she had made a long journey, just in time to see him breathe his last, and had remained with the camp until her own death. Some charitable person, attracted by the sprightly appearance of the little girl, had volunteered the charge of it, and, the halt at an end, the detachment had marched on its victorious course. Paul Lindhorst felt a shock, like the last shock which separates soul from body. He had inquired and been told the name of the deceased officer; he buried his face in his hands and wept. Little Annette had fallen asleep in the old soldier’s arms, and the heavy military wagon lumbered slowly on its way. It was more than he could bear, to give up the child into the hands of strangers—*her* child. Old

scenes came back to his recollection. He forgot every resentment. He remembered but his first, his only love. He walked hastily after the wagon, and readily persuaded the old soldier to give the little girl to him. Then taking her in his arms while she still slept, he walked almost with a light heart into the village. It was of course difficult at first to pacify the little creature; but kindness and devotion soon do their office, and all the love which she had had for her mother was transferred to her kind protector. She has always borne his name, and, I believe, is unacquainted with her history, at least with the more melancholy portions of it. Do not ask me any more questions. I know you want to speak of your friend Macklorne. I must not show you too much favor at one time; besides, we must visit Lina a few moments. I have quite neglected her of late.

We were now driving into Thun. At the door of Dr. Paul, we were met by the maiden herself, a sprightly, good-natured, and very pretty young girl, who insisted that we should descend and partake of some refreshments, and see her new garden. Accordingly, we alighted, and were detained so long and so agreeably, that our ride home was by moonlight.

A drive by moonlight, and Josephine Fluellen my companion!

THE ANGEL IN A MAIDEN'S EYES.

BY THOMAS MACFARLAN.

ONCE methought I saw an angel
Smiling in a maiden's eyes,
And my heart was captive taken,
Like a city by surprise.

Then it seemed another angel
Springing upward from my heart,
From mine eyes looked on the other,
And beheld its counterpart.

At the moment of the greeting,
From her lips no whisper fell,
And before her I was silent,
Rapt in a delicious spell.

Love, awaiting in my bosom,
Love, of pure impulses born,
Lighted up my happy pathway
Like a sun of summer morn.

Marked for mine the gentle maiden
With the angel in her eyes;
Years ago we linked our fortunes
By indissoluble ties.

Philadelphia, Dec. 9, 1851.
VOL. XXXIX.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

DREAM-LIFE: A FABLE OF THE SEASONS. By IR MARVEL. In one volume: pp. 286. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

HERE we have, in very beautiful guise, the charming volume of which we presented an *avant-courier* in 'The Country-Church,' published in our last number. We could well wish that our available space might enable us to pay such a tribute to the excellence of the book, with examples of the same, as its character deserves. As it is, however, we can only desire the reader to test for himself the justice of our commendation. Let any one—we care not how hypercritical, however much a 'man of the world,' or howsoever soured by it, he may be—read the different divisions, under the head of 'Dreams of Boyhood' and 'Dreams of Youth,' and note the deep, natural feeling; the gradual growth of the mind and of the soul; the quiet pictures of nature, and the 'still-life' of the heart; let any one do this, and he will agree with us, that few modern writers excel our author in an *authentically* winning a way to the reader's confidence and affection. Nor in naming these two divisions of the work do we wish to indicate a preference for them over the 'Dreams of Manhood' and 'Dreams of Age,' save that in the latter the scenes of pathos are too painfully touching to be perused with dry eyes. Throughout the entire work we encounter those little felicities of expression, those rare touches of the pencil, which effect so much in the completeness of a picture, and which always indicate the true master. The work is inscribed, in a brief and well-written dedication, to WASHINGTON IRVING; in the course of which 'Introductory Letter' Mr. MITCHELL observes: 'If I have attained to any facility in the use of language, or have gained any fitness of expression in which to dress my thoughts, I know not to what writer of the English language I am more indebted than to yourself. And if I have shown, as I have tried to show, a truthfulness of feeling that is not lighted by any counterfeit of passion, but rather by a close watchfulness of nature, and a cordial sympathy with human suffering, I know not to what man's heart that truthfulness will come home sooner than to yours.' This is well said: and in good truth, although their *verbal* styles are entirely different, there is nevertheless much in common between the two authors. We are glad to have been made the medium of bringing two such writers for the first time into each other's presence. We must add a word in favor of the good taste of Mr. MITCHELL's publisher; for he seems well to understand that there is as much in the physiognomy of a book as in that of a gentleman.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF A RESIDENCE OF THIRTY YEARS WITH THE INDIAN TRIBES ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIERS; with brief Notices of Passing Events, Facts, and Opinions, A. D. 1812 to A. D. 1842. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. In one volume: pp. 703. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY.

WE present the subjoined notice of a work which we have not had the pleasure to receive from its publishers, with the confidence that it does not exaggerate the merits which it sets forth and commends. The critic is an old and favorite contributor to the *KNICKERBOCKER*, whose own literary works give value and force to his literary opinions:

'THIS book is inscribed to A. B. JOHNSON, Esq., of Utica, with whom, in 1810, the author made his first excursion to the West, preparatory to the manufacture of window-glass by a hundred-thousand-dollar corporation, just created by the New-York Legislature. Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT alone possessed any knowledge of glass-making; and to him, with a salary of a thousand dollars a year, was confided the planning of all necessary buildings, contracting for their erection, originating the furnaces, procuring raw materials, governing the artisans, disbursing the expenditures, manufacturing the glass, and preparing it for market. But few manufactories of window-glass existed in the United States, and their absence was painfully apparent in new settlements, by window-sashes disfigured with rude substitutes for glass. This state of the country caused the stock of the corporation to be owned by patriotic citizens; and among the most active and influential of the corporators was the Hon. JOHN GREIG, who resided in Canandaigua, and who is still there, the foremost citizen in all that is praiseworthy; illustrating strikingly, by his eminent social position, the scriptural promise, that 'He who watereth shall be watered again.'

'The bank of Seneca Lake, a mile from Geneva, was selected for the new establishment. Forest timber covered the site; but in about three months glass was manufactured for market, and a small village had been erected for the workmen. Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT was only seventeen years old; and this reveals his early character as unmistakably as the agricultural productions of a country reveal its climate. He was precocious generally, being an expert draftsman, mature penman, with a respectable knowledge of chemistry and mineralogy, while ethically he was exempt from the irregularities which ordinarily accompany youth. We happened to know him intimately at this period, and these remarks result from that intimacy, not from the book, in which his residence at Geneva, and its important incidents, are modestly referred to in a dozen words.

'The author's early expectations, and the pervading tendency of his feelings, were toward a devotion of his life to a sedentary cultivation of literature and science. But 'PROVIDENCE shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may;' and SCHOOLCRAFT compares more with LEDYARD for activity, than with any other American whose records have interested the world. During thirty years he was an active explorer of the unsettled portions of our territory, when the great lakes and rivers of the west were traversed only by canoes. In one of these excursions he traced the Mississippi to its source, the source being previously deemed problematical; PIKE, in 1806, having placed it at Leech Lake, and CASS, in 1820, at Red Cedar Lake. He was efficiently instrumental in directing public enterprise to the copper regions of Missouri, and in disclosing the general topography of the Mississippi valley, and the regions of the lakes. In no other book is the wonderful progress of our country, in population and industry, so strikingly apparent. We find the author conjecturing the business capabilities of places which, in less than twenty years thereafter, are populous cities; and in the year 1830, he makes one 'of perhaps the first party of pure pleasure, having no objects of business of any kind, who ever went from the upper lakes to visit Niagara Falls.'

'But the principal interest of the memoirs consists in what pertains to the Indians, among whom the author, during much of the thirty years, acted as agent of the United States. Official station, and his having married a highly educated half-breed grand-daughter of an Indian chief of the vicinity, yielded him unsurpassed advantages for ascertaining the habits of the Indians, their traditions, customs, knowledge, language, superstitions, and opinions generally. The whole information passes into the possession of the reader incidentally, rather than doctrinally; the memoirs constituting a journal of what the author saw and heard, whereby the mass glides before the reader like the contents of a diorama which is being gradually unfolded, every incident introducing naturally its successor. The author avoids the common error of narrating only his intellectual reflections; he gives you the raw, sensible materials, wherefrom every reader can make his own reflections. The raw material is also of a kind which is daily becoming more difficult to collect; the unsophisticated Indian and his antiquities, language, customs, and traditions, being already defaced by time, and fading fast from existence. Nothing could have been more providential than the

residence among the Indians for thirty years of such a person as SCHOOLCRAFT, and at such an epoch. Before his day, men have passed their lives among the Indians, but not like him have they, for thirty years, devoted a vigorous intellect and discriminating judgment in collecting useful information, with no hope of reward but to instruct contemporaries, and to be kindly remembered by posterity. We may well say, with HAMLET, 'You cannot feed capons so;' nor can you feed men so, except the occasional self-denying literary enthusiast.

The memoirs are, however, only a highly-condensed summary of a thirty years' daily collection of facts; not a detail of items. Many of the items have already been published, Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT being one of our most voluminous authors, as well as one most widely known in Europe and at home. What has not been thus published, he is preparing for publication, as a great national work, under direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, by virtue of an act of Congress, passed in March 1847. One large luxurious volume, in folio form, and elegantly illustrated by S. EASTMAN, Captain in the U. S. Navy, has just issued from the press, entitled 'Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Philosophy of the Indian Tribes of the United States.' The human intellect acquires details most readily, by first acquiring a knowledge of them in gross: hence the present memoirs, though published after many volumes of detail, ought to be read first; just as the journal of our late State Convention is an advantageous precursor to a study of the constitution which the convention formed.

We cannot close our too brief notice of these interesting memoirs, the chart of a laborious life, without saying that, although we have known the writer favorably for more than forty years, our respect for him is greatly increased by the perusal of this book. He has consorted early and long with public officers, not greatly his official superiors originally, but now high in authority, and prospectively to become still higher—perhaps the highest. For the sake of science, for the sake of literary industry and good example, we trust that the eminent citizens to whom we have alluded will, as a privilege of their exaltation, crown Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT's latter days with some station at Washington, in the line to which he has devoted his life, and where his knowledge may be made available to the country in the highest station to which it is congenial. We know not that his feelings will respond acceptably to this suggestion, and it may shock his delicacy; but we are sure that 'righteousness exalteth a nation,' and that nothing is more righteous than to reward unobtrusive merit.

THE INDICATIONS OF THE CREATOR: or the Natural Evidences of the Final Cause. By GEORGE TAYLOR. In one volume. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

ALTHOUGH a belief founded on knowledge and investigation may not be more meritorious, in a theological point of view, than the faith of humble ignorance, yet has the first this higher duty and prerogative: it is the natural protector and defender of the faith of the uninstructed from the assaults of the enemies of morality and religion. Mr. TAYLOR, in the attractive volume before us, has aimed to popularize the additional proofs of the divine creation and government of the universe with which the discoveries of modern physical science has armed the believers in the existence of the DEITY. Proceeding upon the idea of CICERO, in his '*de Natura Deorum*,' that the belief in a Deity is the basis on which all the virtues, all justice, piety, and religion must repose, he has in the present work adduced, in a summary way, all the lights of the present advanced state of science, to guide the sincere investigator, and to strike the modern skeptic with 'judicial blindness;' to leave him no excuse for his atheism but that hardness of heart which resists all the weapons of conviction.

The first great step of modern, as well as ancient, infidelity toward demoralizing the nations, has been to debauch their faith in the existence of a Supreme, Omniscient, and Omnipotent BEING, governing all things visible and invisible. The professors of this school of modern philosophy have alternately taught its disciples the atheistical tenets of blind fatalism, or the more dangerous, because more seductive and insidious, but really identical, dogmas of 'pantheism.' In this latter shape, they do but revive the exploded and most unphilosophical doc-

trines of *EPICURUS*, with this slight difference in favor of the ancient school over the modern, that, while *EPICURUS* did not expressly deny the existence of the gods, but merely held them indifferent to all human affairs, the pantheists make gods of every collection of organic and inorganic matter that ever existed, or ever will exist. This is the main foundation of the ingenious, metaphysical absurdities of *SENOLO*, and of his modern, though, in many instances, unconscious followers. But in whatever form these irreligious theories may present themselves, it is not permitted to those who can give a reason for the enlightened and steadfast faith which is in them of the existence of the *DEITY*, to fold their arms, and leave the field as if the battle were won. It is a fight which has lasted more than forty centuries, in every successive generation of humanity. It is a contest 'never ending, still beginning;' new combatants present themselves continually, and with the same facts on either side. These facts are but the weapons. Knowledge, reason, induction, these are the life and breath and strength which must decide the issue. Happily for mankind, the spirit of persecution which sought to spread religion by fire, fagots and torture, has long ago discovered its error. The calm investigation of science, stamped with the seal of Christian charity, is found to be the best of all swords and of all shields. It is this spirit which sheds a serenity over the work of *MR. TAYLOR*, and is not the least of its numerous recommendations. Not a word of denunciation, not a syllable of bigotry, disfigures his pages. It is truly refreshing to find a work, controversial in its aim and object, so entirely free from that almost inevitable concomitant of polemical philosophy, and sometimes of purely theological exegesis.

It is most curious to observe, however, that some of those philosophical writers who have furnished the strongest ramparts of natural religion in their works, have most offended the ignorant and besotted bigotry of their times. *DES CARTES* and *PASCAL* were each of them denounced as enemies of the true Church by unlettered bigots in the Church itself! Yet what magazine has supplied more weapons to combat infidelity than the works of *PASCAL*? Through all the works of *DES CARTES*, and particularly in his intimate scientific correspondence with his enthusiastic scholar and admirer, the Princess *PALATINE*, there breathes a spirit of true religion, on which *DR. YOUNG*'s well-known line may have been founded:

'An undevout astronomer is mad.'

It is true, that upon some minds the transition from the darkness of ignorance to the wondrous light of science has operated to blind their vision; chiefly by causing them to forget that God has only enabled mortals to comprehend secondary causes. But where one such instance has occurred, thousands have derived from scientific researches a firmer faith and a purer devotion. They have searched the great book of nature in the same spirit as the Christian is enjoined to search the Scriptures—the spirit of truth. Those who thus pursue her, must be content to arrive slowly, and to remain at that great portal of the temple of human knowledge, where is inscribed its final doom in this world: 'Tis but to know how little can be known;' yet are we not, therefore, to remit our endeavors within that limit. Modern science has accomplished more than even half a century ago was dreamed of. But it sees its labors of *HERCULES* are only beginning. 'Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;' and as its new treasures accumulate, we may hope that some skilful hand shall still group all its new discoveries in one picture, with the same beneficent intention which has dictated the composition of the volume before us.

In this volume Mr. TAYLOR has undertaken to present a *resumé* of the chief discoveries which have from time to time furnished those grand explanations of the phenomena of nature that have shed such lustre on the savants of the nineteenth century: with that aim he has reviewed, in a summary way, the triumphs of science in various branches; all of which tend to establish the great proposition which lies at the foundation of natural religion. He gives us a *coup d'œil*, first, of the discoveries in regard to the Nebular Hypotheses; second, Astronomy; third, Geology; fourth, Comparative Physiology; fifth, Physical Geography: a large, a boundless field of investigation is each of them, truly. But it is not to attempt new theories or discoveries in them that Mr. TAYLOR proposes to himself or his readers. It is to count up what we have gained already, to set down and reckon up the victories won in the cause of science, and to apply them to the service of a yet higher and holier cause.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. In one volume: pp. 301. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

THIS is the most elaborately dramatic, if we may judge from perhaps a somewhat too cursory perusal, of all of Professor LONGFELLOW's writings. The frequent change and variety of scene, and the contrasts of character, are remarkable and striking. The language, generally highly poetical, sometimes rises to the extreme of imaginative, rhythmical eloquence, and sometimes, again, sinks to the mere platitudes of babbling juvenility. The measure is singularly irregular and various. The work, indeed, is a sort of museum of poetical styles; and yet in each the reader will be struck with gems that he would scarcely desire to encounter in any different setting. Designing again to advert to the 'Legend,' we content ourselves for the present with two extracts; the first an episode on a scene at Strasburg, in which we have this 'picture in little' of the great cathedral:

'Lo! with what depth of blackness thrown
Against the clouds, far up the skies
The walls of the cathedral rise,
Like a mysterious grove of stone,
With fitful lights and shadows blending,
As from behind the moon, ascending,
Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown!
The wind is rising; but the boughs
Rise not and fall not with the wind
That through their foliage sobs and sighs;

Only the cloudy rack behind,
Drilling onward, wild and ragged,
Gives to each spire and buttress jagged
A seeming motion undefined.
Below on the square, an armed knight,
Still as a statue and as white,
Sits on his steed, and the moon-beams quiver
Upon the points of his armor bright,
As on the ripples of a river.

Our second extract, and all, save one, we are sorry to say, for which we can find room, represents a night-scene from a terrace overlooking the sea at Genoa:

'T is the sea, it is the sea,
In all its vague immensity,
Fading and darkening in the distance!
Silent, majestic, and slow,
The white ships haunt it to and fro,
With all their ghostly sails unfurled,
As phantoms from another world
Haunt the dim confines of existence!
But ah! how few can comprehend
Their signals, or to what good end
From land to land they come and go!
Upon a sea more vast and dark
The spirits of the dead embark,
All voyaging to unknown coasts.
We wave our farewells from the shore,

And they depart, and come no more,
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

'Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery,
A dim mirage, with shapes of men
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.
Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath
Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
Leaving us in perplexity,
And doubtful whether it has been
A vision of the world unseen,
Or a bright image of our own
Against the sky in vapors thrown.'

How forcibly is the spiritual deduction from this outward scene of nature presented in this precious extract! We select one more passage from a graphic scene, 'A farm in the Odenwald:'

'ONE morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk FELIX. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The twilight was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care;
Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of hemlock-trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites:

And from the ground
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

'These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of SAINT AUGUSTINE,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendors of God's great town
In the unknown land,
And, with his eyes cast down
In humility, he said:
'I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But alas! I do not understand!'

But we must draw our notice, brief and inadequate as it is, to a close; commending to general perusal, however, in the mean time, the excellent but unequal dramatic poem upon which it is based.

THE LAND OF BONDAGE: its Ancient Monuments and Present Condition: being the Journal of a Tour in Egypt. By J. M. WAINWRIGHT, D.D. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS superbly executed and illustrated volume will attract a large share of the admiration and patronage of book-buyers, in the holidays which are now nearly upon us. The title of the work, in the first place, strikes us as felicitous. 'We cannot look,' says the author, in explanation of its choice, 'upon the colossal works which remain to fix our attention and excite our wonder, without the painful remembrance that they are to Egypt mighty land-marks of her ancient servitude. The very greatness of the pyramids is a speaking proof of the despotic power of an iron will, brought to bear with a crushing and irresistible force upon a population of bond-slaves. How futile would prove the attempt to raise, in a free land, structures so vast, and of such comparative inutility! Thus the very wonders that attract the footsteps of the pilgrim, and seem to be the glory of Egypt, distinguishing her from all other lands, cannot be contemplated without a reminiscence of her ancient degradation.' The starting-point of our author was Rome; and all the details of his journey to and through Egypt, although minute, are replete with interest. Indeed, we are not sure that the agreeable manner in which he records little things does not very materially help to make up the charm of his book. The little *desagrémens* of travel are given with perfect simplicity; as witness, among other instances, the reverend doctor imparting his first practical lesson in washing, starching, and ironing, to a stupid servant on board the boat, going down the Nile; a scene which will win many a smile from his readers. The engravings, of which there are twenty-eight, embrace all the principal scenes and objects to be met with in Egyptian journeying or voyaging, and are executed with spirit and elegance; while the printing and paper of the work are the very luxury of typography. Again we commend the volume to the liberal acceptance of the public. Although many kindred works have appeared, there are none which we have encountered that will better reward perusal.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A HUMANE AND BENEVOLENT PROPOSITION. — Our friend and correspondent, the quaint and felicitous 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' has sent us the following essay upon '*Societies for Ameliorating the Condition of the Rich.*' Our welcome guest came at too late an hour to take his seat among his compeers who had preceded us, so that we make room for him at our little end-table. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. RICHARD HAYWARDE. With your kind permission, he will now address a few words to the assembled company.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'THE quality of mercy is not strained:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.'

SHAKESPEARE.

It has long been a matter of surprise to me, that amidst a multitude of benevolent institutions we have none for ameliorating the condition of the rich. A large class is certainly left out of the sphere of popular charity, which, from a careful examination of the smallest camels in various menageries, and a personal inspection of JOHN HEMMING AND SON'S best drilled-eyed cambric needles, seems to stand more in need of our sympathies than any people under the sun. We may also observe, when one of these highly-respected citizens is on his way to the other world, he is generally followed by an unusual concourse of clergymen; and this, like a consultation of physicians, would appear to indicate that the person was in more than ordinary peril, and therefore needed greater care and skill than one within the reach of customary medicines.

I am impelled to make this suggestion more particularly now, from the fact that this class is growing upon us: the evil is spreading, and to a greater extent than many good people imagine. I have been surprised lately to find many persons whom I did not imagine worth a copper, freely acknowledging themselves to be wealthy; and others, of whose poverty I had not a doubt, confessing, with some little tribulation and blushing, there was no truth in that report; that money was with them, yea, abundantly. Such being the case, a common sense of humanity should induce us to relieve our opulent brethren from a portion of their distress, in order to prevent extension of the mischief. '*Homo sum; nihil humani à me alienum puto.*' We, who belong to the ancient and honorable order of poverty, must not be neglectful of such claims upon us. Yet we should do it tenderly and affectionately; not haughtily, and with an air of superiority, but with a grace.

'Poverty,' saith AUSTIN, 'is the way to heaven, the mistress of philosophy, the mother of religion, virtue, sobriety, sister of innocency and an upright mind.' True; I dispute not the words of the Father: but need we therefore exult and vain-gloriously condemn those who have the misfortune to be rich? Should we not rather take them by the hand, and show them the way to be better, wiser, happier? Should we not teach them that riches are only relative blessings; poverty a positive one? Should we let them struggle on for years and years in a wrong path, without endeavoring to pluck them 'as brands from the burning?'

Riches are relative: our little domestic flashes of wealth pale their ineffectual fires before the dazzling opulence of the India House; nay, show like poverty itself, compared with that treasury of empires, which seems to realize

——— 'the royal state which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.'

And yet *Tempus edax rerum*: its ingots and tissues, its barbaric pearl and gold, will be scattered; oblivion will set its seal upon it; obscurity, with dust and ashes—— Stay——

The India House has a name connected with it—an humble and unpretending name—whose influence will draw pilgrims thither while one crumbling stone rests upon another; and when the very ground where it now stands shall be forgotten, when its illustrious line of nameless nabobs lie neglected with the common multitude, upon that ancient edifice will rest, like a sunset glory, the fame of CHARLES LAMB.

If the above should seem to bear rather hard upon our wealthy brethren, I trust it will be forgiven me. I know that many are jealous of position, and derive no little self-respect from what they call their '*circumstances*;' yet the suggestion came so pat, the comparisons followed so naturally, that I felt it a duty to proceed, and show how mutable is pecuniary fame; although I confess the idea I have broached, of 'wealth being only *relative*,' will make many of them show like paupers beside those eastern magnificats. Still, it is not in my nature to cast reflections. I could scarcely forgive the spiteful allusion of H—— the other day to a certain Gothic building, which he called 'the ecclesiastical rattle for grown-up children;' an epithet unworthy of a poor man glorying in the power of his literary affluence. No, far be it from me to countenance uncharitable reflections: let us remember we are all human, and, *humanus est errare*, many cannot help being rich; and souls vibrating between the opera-house and such places as the one above alluded to, *drifting* as it were upon tides of harmony any whither, are objects, not of our derision, but of our pity.

My intention had been to refer to the *miseries of the rich* in this paper, but a mere allusion to so fruitful a subject will doubtless suggest enough to awaken the sympathies of the benevolent. Avarice—mere avarice, in itself—is bad enough; a powerful astringent, it produces constipation of the mind, from whence comes ignorance, the mother of mischief. But AVARUS dies and endows benevolent institutions, and thereby the world is bettered. It is the tinsel show of real or affected wealth; its currents of folly, its ebbs and flows, tides, eddies and whirlpools; its generations, rising up in young misses who have not left off the rocking motion acquired in the cradle; its squab-dandies, stilting along on legs you might thrust in your double-barrel gun; its elders, with a reversion in Greenwood for the benefit of their heirs; it is this show, this pageant, to the philanthropist pitiable beyond the mimic efforts of the stage, the fictions of

imagination, or the supplications of the professional pauper who begs, with God knows how much content in his heart. I fear I also may be amenable to the charge of

—— 'boasting poverty, with too much pride,'

as Prior hath it, and therefore will turn to the main part and body, or rather head, of my subject.

I propose to the benevolent, to establish societies for ameliorating the condition of the rich. I would suggest that a board of directors be appointed, with visiting committees, to inquire into the condition of the more opulent families, to call upon them personally, and give such advice and assistance as their several cases seem to require.

To the board of visitors, I would refer the motto above quoted:

'THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.'

Therefore take what you can, and be merciful.

I would recommend an asylum to be provided for those whose opulence is excessive, and whose mental incapacity prevents them taking proper care of themselves

I would suggest the purchase of substantial woolen garments for those who need them; gymnasiums for youth; and that a proper care be had for the moral culture of both sexes.

But, above all, I suggest the immediate organization of the society. The miseries of the rich afford so copious a field for the exercise of true benevolence, that I leave the matter to those more experienced and better able to advise than the humble writer of this paper.

CARLYLE ON COLERIDGE. — We recollect being greatly 'taken to task' and berated, several years ago, for venturing to intimate in these pages, on the best authority, that COLERIDGE, whose 'utterances,' as they were called, were just then the 'present rage,' was after all (and great intellect as he was) a good deal of a bore, what time he was wont to 'set in with his steady stream of talk.' Now hear what CARLYLE, his friend and admirer, says on this very 'sum'ject:

'I STILL recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the KANTIAN province; and how he sung and snuffed them into 'om-m-nject' and 'sum-m-nject,' with a kind of solemn shake or quiver as he rolled along.

'To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused, unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening land-marks of thought, and drown the world and you! I have heard COLERIDGE talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers; certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming-groups of their own. He began any where; you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation; instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out toward answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way; but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses, and ever into new; and before long into all the universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any.'

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE JAMES MONTGOMERY. — We derive the ensuing reminiscences of the late JAMES MONTGOMERY from Mr. JOHN ROSS DIX, a correspondent who, on a former occasion, contributed several well-written poetical articles to this Magazine, and whose 'Pencilings,' some years ago, in a Boston daily journal of high repute, attracted much attention in this country. Mr. Dix returned to England some five years ago, whence he but recently arrived in the metropolis, to fulfil an engagement upon a popular morning gazette, now rejoicing in a 'full tide of success.' His sketch of the 'Christian Poet' will be perused with interest.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

ANOTHER star has shot from its mortal sphere; another poet has departed. Not long since, the tidings of WORDSWORTH's death saddened thoughtful hearts; SOUTHEY and COLERIDGE are scarcely cold in their honored graves; MOORE lives, but his once brilliant fancy is dimmed by insanity; WILSON is trembling on the verge of death; and lo! the 'Christian Poet,' the COWPER of his time, has passed to that world of which he loved to sing.

It was my happiness to know JAMES MONTGOMERY; and now that the intelligence of his death is reminding many of his 'Pelican Island,' or of his 'Prayer,' a few memories of him may not be uninteresting.

Some twelve years ago, the venerable bard of Sheffield delivered a course of lectures on Poetry at the Philosophical Institution of my native city, Bristol, England. I had frequently, of course, read his works, therefore I was not a little pleased to have an opportunity of seeing the man. So one pleasant summer evening I dropped into the lecture-room, which was crowded, the majority of the audience consisting of ladies. The reader may be quite sure that Quaker bonnets and Moravian muslins were conspicuous.

MONTGOMERY was a tall, thin man, with a sad countenance. His hair was in the transition state from sandy to gray: full, expressive eyes, lighted up an otherwise expressionless countenance. His nose was large and long, and his mouth had what KEATS would call 'a downward drag austere.' He was dressed in sober black, a thick white cravat encircled his throat, and altogether he looked parsonic.

It happened somewhat strangely that Mr. MONTGOMERY chose for his subject, on the evening to which I am particularly referring, the poems of THOMAS CHATTERTON, the immortal author of the Rowley Poems. Now, I had just written a biography of the 'sleepless soul which perished in its pride,' and of course felt deeply interested in aught that related to the wondrous boy of Bristol. I was prepared to hear an eulogium on his genius, but I did not expect that MONTGOMERY would couple my insignificant name with CHATTERTON's. As I sat listening — not very well pleased, by the way — to the bard of Sheffield's criticisms on the bard of Bristol, I was somewhat startled by hearing my own name mentioned as the biographer of the latter: I could have crept into a nutshell. The worst of it was, that some good-natured friends of mine let my neighbors know that I was the scribbler. JOSEPH COTTLE, who, it will be remembered, was the publisher of SOUTHEY's and WORDSWORTH's first works, was the first to shake me by the hand, and, of course, this fixed curious eyes on me.

The lecture ended, Mr. COTTLE introduced me to JAMES MONTGOMERY; and I had the happiness of spending an evening with him at his friend, Mr. BRISTILL's, on Kingsdown. It was one of those calm, quiet times which memory loves to dwell upon; not exactly a CHARLES LAMB-ish evening, for there was offered only the 'cup that cheers but not inebriates,' and dear CHARLES preferred the pewter. It was a calm evening, and if no flashes of fun illuminated the parlor, there was 'something of an angel light' to gladden the place.

In conversation, JAMES MONTGOMERY did not shine; he was too pensive; too, I was almost about to say, too morose. Of contemporary literature he spoke little. SHELLEY was his abomination; of KEATS he had a high opinion; BYRON did not suit him; SOUTHEY he spoke of in the highest terms; and between these poets there was much in common; both were highly moral, greatly industrious, and neither of them, I think, ever wrote 'one line which, dying, they would wish to blot.'

In a letter of JAMES MONTGOMERY's, which lies before me as I write, occurs the following passage. It is dated March 13th, 1851.

'I feel that my course is nearly ended; but I am willing to 'depart and be with CHRIST, which is far better.' My life has not been cloudless, but the bright and morning star has always shone on

my pathway. My dear Sir, let me earnestly entreat you to devote your energies to His service 'whose service is 'perfect freedom.'

I frequently met Mr. MONTGOMERY after my first introduction to him. Once, and once only, I saw his temper ruffled. A gentleman unluckily asked him when the next edition of his 'Satan' would come out. The author of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland' blazed up. 'That fop!' he exclaimed, 'that fop of Bath has pillaged my name: my name is MONTGOMERY; his is, no one knows what. I should be ashamed of myself if I had written such trash as the 'Omnipresence of the DEITY.'

As a proof of MONTGOMERY's kindness, let me relate the following incident:

Some three hundred years ago, an old church in South Wales was destroyed by a flood. A new edifice was, in 1842, erected on its site, and to aid the funds, the Marquis of Bute allowed his grounds at Cardiff Castle to be converted into a bazaar. I was then editing the county paper, and so was a small lion. It occurred to some of us that if four poems by popular authors were written on the subject of the lost church, and well 'got up,' some addition to the funds might be made. I wrote to WORDSWORTH; he sent a sonnet, not a good one though, to SOUTHEY, and received a letter from his wife, (CAROLINE BOWLES,) stating that he had long ceased to use his pen. I applied to JAMES MONTGOMERY, and he forwarded a beautiful poem, which, in my 'Pen and Ink Sketches,' I have published.

Well, the Christian poet has gone to receive his crown, and well does he deserve it. Here he served his MASTER who is in heaven, and there he waves his triumphant palm. How magnificent the idea of MONTGOMERY meeting COWPER, and JOHN BUNYAN, and MILTON, and ISAAC WATTS; and the rest of those 'worthies' who have gone before! In heaven they will recognize each other, for I earnestly believe that we shall know in heaven even as we are known. And how blissful must be that meeting, when

'SISTERS and brothers form the ring again,
And parted lovers bind the broken chain;
Fathers amid their gathered children rest,
And tender mothers bless them and be blest.'

With these reminiscences of the poet will doubtless come to the minds of many of our readers his own beautiful lines upon 'The Grave.' He has himself at last found that

— 'calm for those who weep,
The rest for weary pilgrims found,
Who softly lie and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

'The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs his deep repose
Than summer-evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

'He lived — and deeply cherished still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Relied on HEAVEN'S unchanging will
For peace at last.

'Sought the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm!'

MONTGOMERY conducted for many years the 'Sheffield Iris' weekly journal with taste, ability and moderation. Of his longer poetical works, probably his 'Greenland' was the most popular. 'The subject,' says Dr. GRISWOLD, in his 'Poets and Poetry of England,' 'was more in unison with his devotional cast of thought: the poem is full of graphic descriptions and rich and varied imagery. The patient and earnest labors of the Moravian missionaries are described in it with a sympathetic and genuine enthusiasm. The minor poems of MONTGOMERY, however, his little songs and cabinet-pieces, will be the most frequently read, and the most generally admired. They have the antique simplicity of pious GEORGE WITHERS; a natural, unaffected earnestness, joined to a pure poetic diction, which will secure to them a permanent place in English literature. The character of his genius is essentially lyrical. His shorter pieces are full of devotion to the CREATOR, sympathy with the suffering, and a cheerful, hopeful philosophy.' It may not be generally known to our readers that Mr. MONTGOMERY was the eldest son of a Moravian clergyman, and was born at Irvine, in Scotland, on the fourth of November, 1771; so that he must have been at the ripe age of four-score and upward when he died. He was at one time intended by his parents for the Moravian ministry, but his tendency was not in that direction.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — The pen alone of the illustrious editor of the *'Bunkum Flag-Staff'* could do justice to an incident which has just been related to us. Sitting at the sanctum-table, silent and alone, we heard him 'rap,' although he was far away at the moment; and this is his 'spiritual knocking:' 'We dono when our feelinks was so hurt. Yet it was 1 of those things in which no body was to be blamed like steam-boat accidents. It could n't be helped. It took place at the wrong time it did, and we was sorry for it. We would ha' rather it should n't have occurred, although at any other time it might have been very pleasant; but just then out of place, we was so solemn. If any one was to blame it was a blame Yankee; yet he warn't present; he was dead himself, and into his grave twenty years. How then could he be guilty of disturbin' the funeral? Ef the dead won't have sympathy for the dead, who will? Howsever, he did it. He sot all the peopel a-laughin' at a funeral twenty years arter his own funeral; arter his tomb-stone had been carved and his epitaph wrote. Ef he could have seen it, he would have snickered in the sleeves of his shroud. He could n't really have helped it. The minister of the parish was cut short, lost all dignity, all solemnity, all propriety. He got the folks up to the cryin' pint, and then he laughed right out. All the risibles in the room excited, and even the mourners looked queer. They did n't know what to do. They put the cambric hankerchiefs which they brought for their eyes up to their mouths, rammed them in till they pretty nigh choked. This was all owing to the confounded Yankee, of whom nothink on earth but his skeleton remained. He was a manofacturer, but the kind of fabric which he made usually makes a man feel solemn, brings up religious thoughts, and, least of all, would make one laugh at a funeral. He was a clock-maker, and a very good one. His clocks kep excellent time. Set 'em by the sun, and they'd go by the sun, only when the sun run down they kep on ticking and striking; and this clock was wound up once-t-a-week. But this was a more ingenious Yankee than most Yankees, and if he had only been content with making that clock go, and making it go right, no mischief done. It was at Mrs. TOWNSEND's funeral, who died of the epoplectic, and the company was all present, and the minister was in the middle of his discourse, a most s'archin' one, remindin' his hearers that in time they were to prepare for eternity, and to take warning by the example of humanity now 'before' them. She was gone from our midst, it was true, like a shock of wheat fully ripe. Just then, as if to add solemnity to the sentiment, the clock struck, and he told them by the very striking of that clock to take warning of the flight of time. Every time that the clock struck it told of another hour glided from time into the ocean of eternity. Every time it ticked, another second of our life was gone. The clock struck twelve, and if that was all, no harm done; but immediately a hissing sound ensued, and by the ingenuity of that dead Yankee, it immediately played, with all the glibness of a hand-organ, or a musical snuff-box — YANKEE DOODLE, WITH VARIATIONS! It was most surprisin'!' - - - We see going the rounds of the country newspaper-press the story, written several years ago for this department of the KNICKBOCKER, by its Editor, touching the serenade of a young Quaker-lady with 'Home, sweet Home,' and the inquiry of the father, at the door, 'Why doesn't thee go to thy home?' etc. Some 'editor of an exchange paper' (for such is now the vague credit) has stolen the story bodily, made it personal to *himself*, and published it as original! He must feel

'high-priced' about this time! The anecdote was told to us by a friend, long since deceased, and had never before been published. - - - THERE is a vast deal of true '*Tom-and-Jerry*'-ism in this picture of a maudlin London cockney, who has climbed up a lamp-post, being 'on a lark,' seated himself on the projecting ladder-rest, opened the door of the lamp, and commenced the popular air of

'We won't go home till morning,
Till day-light doth appear:'

and his two companions, seeing a policeman coming, slink away into an alley, and close the door after them, leaving their friend alone on his 'bad eminence:'

"Now just come down from that!" exclaimed the policeman from below. The nocturnal vocalist stopped as if he had been shot. Mr. RAPP looked from his post and saw the policeman. He hesitated for a moment, and then boldly exclaimed:

"I shan't! Come up and take me down yourself, and when I'm down you can 'take me up!'"

This speech evidently puzzled the policeman, who for the space of half a minute was perfectly silent, ruminating how he should proceed. At length, assuming an air of double importance, he cried out:

"I order you in the QUEEN's name to come down!"

"Oh nonsense, man!" returned Mr. RAPP, chidingly: 'you mustn't take the QUEEN's name in that way — you *shouldn't*, really. I'm sure ALBERT wouldn't like it, if he heard you. He's remarkably particular upon those points.'

"Come down, Sir!" roared the policeman, getting very angry.

"Hush! — now don't you!" replied Mr. RAPP. 'We can't have the harmony of the street disturbed in this way. I'm certain your inspector would not approve of your kicking up a row like this in the middle of the night.'

"Wait a minute!" said the policeman, moving off in extremest wrath toward the centre of the street.

"I should think so, *ra-à-ther*," said Mr. RAPP, taking an observation of his retreating form: 'of course, I shall stay till you return! Oh, certainly!'

Turning off the gas from the jet of the lamp, which threw the dimly-lighted locality into complete darkness, Mr. RAPP twisted himself off from his perch and slid down the post. His friends, who had been on the watch the whole time, slipped from their covert, drew him in, and closed the door.

The reader can easily fancy theirs of the policemen when they returned and found the bird had flown. Their mutterings and grumblings were not loud, but are said to have been *very* deep, and to have been heard growing fainter and fainter as they retraced their steps along the silent street. - - - 'Your admirable correspondent, Judge CHARLTON's, sketch of the poetical clergyman, 'Reverend LANCELOT LANGLEY LING,' writes a friend, 'reminds me of the pseudo-sentimental London cockney, whose address to a benevolent listener was in much the same vein:

'THEIR brilliant hue, alas! has faded,
For envious time has o'er them thrown
The gloom by which they now are shaded,
A gloom that was not once their own.
That I should gaze on them delighted,
As once I did, their state forbids;
Their day is past — their beauty blighted;
(I'm speaking of my faded kids.)

'Alas! how lapse of years can sever
Things that were firmly, closely knit;
And unions that would last forever,
Are in one fatal moment split:
But how does man, himself deluding,
Indulge in wild and happy dreams?
All things must part: (I'm now alluding
To my old coat, that's burst its seams!')

A REPRESENTATIVE in Congress from the interior of this State, meeting a brother member from Virginia, immediately after his arrival in the Federal city, a day or two before the meeting of the present Congress, in answer to an inquiry from the gentleman from the 'Old Dominion,' the former remarked that he had celebrated Thanksgiving-Day with some friends in this metropolis. 'We have no Thanksgiving in our State!' responded the Virginian, with something of a chuckle. 'I suppose,' retorted the New-Yorker, 'that that is owing to the fact

that you have nothing to be *thankful* for.' 'No, Sir, you are out *there*,' rejoined the party of the second part, 'ardent as a Southern sun could make him;' 'The reason, Sir, that we have no Thanksgiving in Virginia is, that there is no provision made for it in the Constitution of the State, and it is no where recognized in the Resolutions of '98!' Right! That is *our* doctrine. 'Hurra for the 'Principles of Ninety-Eight!'—'and long may they wave!' - - - We beg leave to inform 'O. A. P.,' of K——, that the '*Lines to an Oyster*,' which he sends us as from 'an unknown contributor,' were *originally* written for, and published in, the KNICKERBOCKER. Such a contributor as 'O. A. P.' had better remain 'unknown.' - - - THAT young and talented artist, Professor P. P. DUGGAN, of the New-York Free Academy, we are glad to learn, is now in London, with greatly improved health. He went abroad for the purpose of obtaining copies of the finest marbles of the British Museum* and other European depositories of art; and he has been so far successful, that many very valuable casts, shipped on board the 'American Congress,' are daily expected to arrive at this port. While travelling in Germany, Professor DUGGAN was seized with a hæmorrhage of the lungs, which compelled him to return to London, where his health is comparatively restored. Avoiding a winter-passage across the Atlantic, he awaits, with the return of spring, his *own* return, and the immediate assumption of his professional duties in the Free Academy; where his class, comprising, as we are informed, several hundred students, had made remarkable progress in the arts of design under his capable supervision. - - - 'M. R. P.'s' '*Rhapsody over a Glass of Punch*' is something too bacchanalian for these pages. Not that a glass of punch, such as the tasteful 'JOHN WATERS' once celebrated in the KNICKERBOCKER, is not a thing to be cherished; but that our correspondent seems to have written under the influence of the fluid which overcame a man in history. 'His name was written in water,' mixed with a 'thrifle of the crater.' But we'll not keep it in the dark:

'His name 'tis proper you should hear;
'Twas TIMOTHY THADY MULLIGIN;
And whenever he finished his tumbler of punch,
He always wanted it *full* again!

'*Lake Schroon*,' on the forty-sixth page preceding, evinces a commendable love and appreciation of nature; but the fifth and sixth lines of the last verse embrace a grammatical error which shouldn't be classed among 'poetical licenses,' any more than 'cats eats mice,' or 'shads is come.' The writer will oblige us by parsing these lines, if he doesn't want to knock old PRISCIAN's brains out. - - - A HALF-WITTED rustic at the West, being brought to trial for having, with malice prepense, destroyed several pigs belonging to a neighbor, offered as his defence, that they had been rooting up his garden for a week, and he had used all possible means to drive them out, but the 'blasted critters' had such big knots in their tails, they could n't get through the fence-cracks: otherwise 'every pig would have gone through the devil as if the fence was a'ter him!' - - - We mentioned to that versatile and very clever artist, EMILLE MASSON, one evening in the sanctum, the story of one of the Gothamite 'B'hoys,' who, in reply to the inquiring remark of a gentleman, 'I wish, Sir, to go to Brooklyn,' said: 'Well, why the d—l don't you *go-o-o* to Brooklyn?' The next day he sent us the subjoined sketch of the scene, which really 'tells the whole story' at a glance. 'Do us the favor to observe' the *perfect* nonchalance of the 'b'boy,' the angles of his feet with the terminations of his pantaloons, and the inimitable indifference

expressed by his cigar-fed mouth! It strikes us that the lady's anxiety to draw her polite companion away is perfectly natural, under the circumstances:



The courteous reply of the independent 'b'hoy' on this occasion reminds us of a remark made by the elder MATTHEWS to a near neighbor, at a supper-table one evening, on board a Boston steamer: 'Will you allow me to trouble you for the salt, Sir?' he asked, pointing to the salt-cellar near him. 'There's salt by you,' gruffly responded the other. 'Oh, ay,' said MATTHEWS; 'thank you; I did n't see it.' 'Who said you *did* see it?—you see it *now* though, don't ye?' was the amiable rejoinder. But old MATHEWS was sometimes not a little sour himself, and when so, his manners were in a 'concatenation accordingly.' Such unusual discourtesy, we cannot avoid thinking, must have had some distinct cause; although it must be admitted that a crowded steam-boat supper-table is not ordinarily enriched with a great number of CHESTERFIELDS. - - - Our prominent metropolitan artists are very busy at their easels. LEUTZE, whose 'WASHINGTON Crossing the Delaware' has been attended by admiring crowds ever since it was opened for exhibition, is engaged upon a single figure of the PATER PATRIÆ, which is said to be a noble work of art. Nature-loving DURAND is elaborating some of his beautiful conceptions and summer-studies into pictures such as he only can paint; KENSERT, a keen observer and faithful limner of natural scenery, is steadily working out the honorable fame which is not only with but before him; GRAY, whose 'reputation is made,' is yet engaged in enhancing it; CHURCH's fine picture in the Art-Union speaks *his* progress; HICKS, who has essayed landscape, historical composition, and portraiture with equal success, is as 'busy as

a bee in a tar-barrel; busy, not in a fussy but in an effectual way; and last, but far from least, ELLIOTT, who is never without orders, has lately been painting some of his most effective male and female heads. He is about sending to the British Royal Academy, for exhibition, the head of the aged Mr. HAMMERSELEY, which was in the National Academy last year. Time, as is the *intention* of Mr. ELLIOTT, in all his pictures, has softened and harmonized the tones of this portrait; until, in our judgment, it stands at this moment the best portrait ever painted in this metropolis. - - - An Irish girl hereabout in Gotham, who plumed herself upon being employed in a 'genteel family,' was asked a definition of the term. 'Where they have two or three kinds of wine, and the gentleman swears!' was the highly satisfactory reply. - - - We transfer from the '*Tribune*' daily journal the following letter from Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, in refutation of a charge to which no one who knew that gentleman would have given either credence or currency. The letter has reference to a passage from a recent work by our old friend and correspondent, Mr. HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, (to whom it is addressed,) which had been copied into the '*Literary World*' weekly gazette:

'Sunnyside, November 10, 1851.

'DEAR SIR: In your 'Personal Memoirs,' recently published, you give a conversation with the late ALBERT GALLATIN, Esq., in the course of which he made to you the following statement:

'Several years ago JOHN JACOB ASTOR put into my hands the journal of his traders on the Columbia, desiring me to use it. I put it into the hands of MALTE BRUN, at Paris, who employed the geographical facts in his work, but paid but little respect to Mr. ASTOR, whom he regarded merely as a merchant seeking his own profit, and not a discoverer. He had not even sent a man to observe the facts in the natural history. ASTOR did not like it. He was restive several years, and then gave WASHINGTON IRVING five thousand dollars to take up the MSS. This is the History of 'Astoria.'

'Now, Sir, I beg leave to inform you, that this is *not* the History of Astoria. Mr. GALLATIN was misinformed as to the part he has assigned me in it. The work was undertaken by me through a real relish of the subject. In the course of visits in early life to Canada, I had seen much of the magnates of the North West Company, and of the hardy trappers and fur-traders in their employ, and had been excited by their stories of adventurous expeditions into the 'Indian country.' I was sure, therefore, that a narrative treating of them and their doings could not fail to be full of stirring interest, and to lay open regions and races of our country as yet but little known. I never asked nor received of Mr. ASTOR a farthing on account of the work. He paid my nephew, who was then absent practising law in Illinois, for coming on, examining and collating manuscript journals, accounts and other documents, and preparing what lawyers would call a brief, for me. Mr. FRZ GREENE HALBECK, who was with Mr. ASTOR at the time, determined what the compensation of my nephew ought to be. When the brief was finished, I paid my nephew an additional consideration, on my own account and out of my own purse. It was the compensation paid by Mr. ASTOR to my nephew which Mr. GALLATIN may have heard of, and supposed it was paid to myself; but even in that case, the amount, as reported to him, was greatly exaggerated.

'Mr. ASTOR signified a wish to have the work brought out in a superior style, supposing that it was to be done at his expense. I replied that it must be produced in the style of my other works, and at my expense and risk; and that whatever profit I was to derive from it, must be from its sale and my bargain with the publishers. This is the history of 'Astoria,' as far as I was concerned in it.

'During my long intimacy with Mr. ASTOR, commencing when I was a young man, and ending only with his death, I never came under a pecuniary obligation to him of any kind. At a time of public pressure, when, having invested a part of my very moderate means in wild lands, I was straitened and obliged to seek accommodations from moneyed institutions, he repeatedly urged me to accept loans from him, but I always declined. He was too proverbially rich a man for me to permit the shadow of a pecuniary favor to rest on our intercourse.

'The only moneyed transaction between us was my purchase of a share. A town he was founding at Green Bay; for that I paid cash, though he wished the amount to stand on mortgage. The land fell in value, and some years afterwards, when I was in Spain, Mr. ASTOR, of his own free will, took back the share from my agent, and repaid the original purchase money. This, I repeat, was the only moneyed transaction that ever took place between us; and by this I lost four or five years' interest of my investment.

'My intimacy with Mr. ASTOR was perfectly independent and disinterested. It was sought originally on his part, and grew up, on mine, out of the friendship he spontaneously manifested for me, and the confidence he seemed to repose in me. It was drawn closer when, in the prosecution of my literary task, I became acquainted, from his papers and his confidential conversations, with the scope and power of his mind, and the grandeur of his enterprises. His noble project of the ASTOR LITERARY, conceived about the same time, and which I was solicitous he should carry into execution during his life-time, was a still stronger link of intimacy between us.

'He was altogether one of the most remarkable men I have ever known: of penetrating sagacity, massive intellect, and possessing elements of greatness of which the busy world around him was little aware: who, like MALTE BRUN, regarded him 'merely as a merchant seeking his own profit.'

'Very respectfully,

'Your friend and servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.'

We had long known the facts here stated, on the best authority; but never deemed it necessary to attempt the refutation of a statement which, in regard to such a man as Mr. IRVING, implied a sacrifice of literature to a transient pecuniary interest. - - - The pains-taking 'Mr. JOHN BELLENDEN KERR' was engaged in a great enterprise, when he wrote, some twenty years ago, his '*Essay on the Archaeology of Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes*,' 'we don't think!' Of what immense importance it is, to trace back those deep thoughts, which one first heard in the nursery, to their original source in the old Saxon! Let us present a specimen or two:

'Goosy goosy gander!
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs and down stairs,
In my lady's chamber:
There I met an old man
That would n't say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs.'

'Guise guise gae'n daer!
Wear Schell-Hey waene daer?
Op stuyrs aen doen stuyrs;
End in mēlyd is schen baer.
Dere ci! met een owel man!
D'aet wood n'aet sie ee is Par-beers.
Hye tuck heim by die left legghe,
End seer ruwe hem doe aen stieyrs.'

How grand a thing it is to read these immortal lines in their original Saxon, when *sound*, according to Mr. KERR, was 'a truer test of the import of words than any letters!' But here is another rich specimen:

'Tom Thumb, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away did run;
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
Till he ran crying down the street!'

'Dom Sie om de Pye persse aen,
Stool er picke, end er wee dijd er hūn;
Die picke, wo aes hiel, end Dom wo aes biede
Tille hie rund; keere ci in; doe aen die strijd!'

This is very fine and striking, we think not; but it is to the memorable song of 'Cock-Robin' that we turn with the deepest interest. How sonorous and rich, 'in the good 'Old Saxon' tongue,' sound these introductory stanzas to that world-renowned 'poem!' 'Listen, that you may hear.' It is hardly necessary to quote the original:

'Woe Keye hilde, Ka oock'r hobb'in?
Eie! sie Hiyd de spaer-roē;
Wijse meē boē aen Haere rouw,
End Ei! Keye hilde, Ka oock'r hobb'in.

'Woe saē hemme d' Hye?
Ei! sie Heyd de fel Haeye;
Wijse meē lij t' Hel-Haeye,
End Ei! saē hemme d' Hye!

'Woe Koerd is bloot
Ei! sie Heyd de vitsch,
Wijse meē lij! hel die hische!
End Ei! Koerd is bloot!'

The most amusing thing of the whole is, that this learned archaeologist labors to prove that all these nursery-songs were 'a series of rude and angry pasquinades, from the mouths of the then heathen Saxon, against the intruding, greedy grasping missionaries of the Church of Rome! Good gracious! 'Hicory dickory dock,' 'Who killed Cock-Robin,' etc., have been insidiously introducing polemics into the nursery for more than a thousand years! Is it too late to stay the great flood of evil which has thus been produced? - - - Mr. GEORGE HARVEY, the accomplished artist, has commenced the publication, with Messrs. DUTTON AND WENTWORTH, publishers, Boston, of his '*Illustrations of the Forest Wilds and Uncultivated Wastes of our Country*.' We cordially commend this well-executed work to the favor of all American communities. It will contain

an outline of our social progress, political development, and material resources, embraced in an epitome of a part of eight lectures which the artist had the honor of delivering before the members of the Royal Institute of Great Britain in 1849, and subsequently before many other literary societies of England and Scotland, under the title of 'Discovery, Resources, and Progress of North-America north of Virginia.' The number of pictorial views will be upward of sixty, and they will be executed in the first style of art. Mr. HARVEY has labored indefatigably upon this enterprise. He has not been discouraged by disappointment; and although he has lately suffered the loss by fire of many of his best pictures, (including his noble view from the Catskill Mountain-House,) he is not cast down, but 'keeps due on' to the accomplishment of his praiseworthy purpose. Mr. HARVEY has rooms at the Union Place Hotel, that justly-popular and admirably-kept house, where he will show his visitors some very fine paintings from his pencil of the 'Homes of the English Poets,' with two or three portraits, very sweet and harmonious in color. - - - 'EARLY habits of thought and expression,' writes 'RICHARD HAYWARDE' in a recent note to the EDITOR, 'are seldom totally eradicated. A young lady who had a favorite brother, a seaman, left her native home in Little Compton, Rhode-Island, and resided for many years with a rich aunt in Boston; the said relative being a maiden lady of great delicacy and refinement, as maiden ladies are wont to be. Of course the niece was brought up all accomplished, and due regard was paid to refining her manners. In course of time, she was engaged to be married, and Madame —, the most fashionable dress-maker in Boston, put in requisition. The bridal-dress should have been finished the day before the wedding, to allow ample time for alteration, if needful. It did not come at the time appointed. Noon arrived — no dress; evening — another disappointment; morning! and the morning of the wedding; nine o'clock — ten! Messengers were dispatched to and fro. LITTLE COMPTON was in despair. At last eleven chimed from the 'Old South,' and the dress came home. Only a few minutes to spare: the bride-maids, with trembling fingers, robbed the blushing expectant. She walked before the sumptuous mirror. 'How does it look?' they asked. 'Look?' said LITTLE COMPTON, with tears in her eyes: 'why, d—n my sister's cat's tail, if she hasn't clewed up my fore-topsail so that a Dutch lugger is a beauty beside me!' - - - WHAT, we should like to know, means this 'dead set' at our gastrics? 'Marry, come up!' Are we to be 'thrown off our balance' by savory pictures of the 'flesh-pots' of the 'ked'ntry?' Not so! Here 'comes us a fellow,' with great personal gusto, who wishes to awaken undue longings in the epicurean regions of our readers, saying: 'I have 'sunk the shop' for the day. I have taken a comfortable corner-seat, by a good heaped-up old-time log-fire. I have fished out from a mysterious corner of the cellar a long-necked, red-headed, dusty bottle of comfortable wine, with the memories and cobwebs of eight seasons upon it, and which I *know* has'n't any whiskey or logwood in it. My good wife is basting before the above-mentioned fire as fine a thanksgiving-martyr as ever grew in seven months; and he is now revolving, *per se*, on an old-fashioned spit, in a dilapidated tin oven; and with the flavor of the wine upon my palate, and the savory smell of the 'done-brown' martyr in my nostrils, I feel in the mood to come at the matter of sending you some manuscript.' All right — manuscript and all; except the poetry-portion, which lacks melody and rhythm. The rest is 'booked.' Scarcely had we slipped this note under our iron grey-hound, than we were assailed by another epistle, setting forth the raptures of 'killing-time'

among the porcine genus in the interior, and the accessories thereof. The writer lays before us, by the magic of his farmer-pen, a graphic picture of the departed treasures of his pig-pen. The savory odor of the brown-roasted spare-rib of a juvenile porker ascends the nostril as we read, and eke the smell of sweet, herb-tinctured country-'sassengers,' breaking open in the pan; and brown 'souse, with slices of tart apples!' Shade of TANTALUS! why are we 'put upon' in this way, and all our country memories of thanks-giving and 'killing-time' aroused at once! 'Speaking of pigs,' says our correspondent, 'some physiologists have asserted that 'they 'don't know nothin';' but *mine* knew they were going to be killed, the moment the big kettle of water was brought out and hung, and a fire made under it; for, hang *me*, if they did n't run at once into one corner of the pen, and thrust their snouts into the extreme angle, as if they were cogitating how to get out of the scrape; that 'scrape,' I mean, which always follows the dipping of the animal into the boiling water. By-the-by,' adds our correspondent, 'are you conchologist enough to know why the hair is always scraped off from swine with a clam-shell?' (*It isn't*: a maple or a beech chip, from tolerably well down in the 'calf' of the log, is as good as any thing.) 'Has it any thing to do with 'quohogs,' the Massachusetts name for clams? Or is 'quohog' an Indian name, Narragansett, or other?' 'To which thus' the present gossipier: 'Not knowing, can't say.' - - - READER, the OLD YEAR, as we write, here in the solitude of the sanctum, is fading out, like the light of a candle flickering in its socket. One feels it as he would feel the twilight creeping upon his paper, writing at the dying close of a summer day. Yet it is but a *point* of time; a year between any *other* two points of time is the same: but *here* is the 'parting of the ways:' here we remember all the past; memories 'mournful but pleasant to the soul:' and with an aspiration as fervent as it is irresistible, we say with a true poet:

'COME back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends whose lives are ended!
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

'Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place;
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain;
The rest we cannot reinstate:
Ourselves we cannot re-create,
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony!'

'A DUCAT to a beggarly denier' that the work thus announced in the 'London Athenæum' is by that cleverest of modern humorous satirists, THACKERAY:

'ON the first of November, 1851, will be published, Part I., to be continued monthly, price one shilling each: *The Shabby Fammerly*; or, How the Stuck-ups who was 'Nobody' struggled to be 'Somebody.' Explored by EMMERLY TIDDIVATE, late 'Fam de Sham' to the Fammerly, though really and truly I were nothink but a common house-maid and worked off my legs. Miss E. TIDDIVATE in making this her first *debut* before a generous British publick hopes the cautious reader will look upon her authography with an indulgent i, as E. T. is entirely self-learnt and was never brought up to wheeled a pen; but really I feel it my dooty to propergate all the mean artifices and paltry subterfices my late missuses (who axchully wanted to be mistook for some of the *one long*) was guilty of as I pursessed the entire confidence of both the young ladies and their mar into the bargain likewise, which I told them they'd suffer for when they refuged to pay me my month as was my doo, so I mean to hold them up to publick reticule once a month, which I've nothink but a rights to in this land of liberties, and with that intentions I have kept a dairy every day of the nasty mean goings-on of the whole of the shabby fammerly, who was always hunting after their bargains and their *tray long marshes* as they called 'em — no matter who suffered so long as they got the things cheap. Oh I can't a-bear such mean ways! Miss E. T. begs to throw herself on a human British publick as she is satisfied it will not stand quietly by and see a poor helpless female put upon as I have been when her subscribers reads all she has gone through.'

Nobody but 'YELLOWPLUSH' could have brought about such a union of tenses as will be seen in the foregoing. - - - We scarcely know when we have read any thing more truly revolting than the following. It is an extract from a letter written in this city to a journal in the country: 'The wife of a man of means, and the daughter of a wealthy citizen of this city, people too fond of show, recently died. She had been called beautiful before a family of children had gathered round her, and she had not renounced her claim to that title. She died, and a large concourse was invited to the funeral. The coffin was made of rosewood, inlaid with silver, lined with plaited satin. The whole top was removed, and the deceased lay in state in her narrow home. She was dressed in a white merino robe, made like a morning-gown, faced with white satin, profusely quilted and ornamented. The sleeves were open, similarly lined, and a wrought stomacher of the richest embroidery covered the breast, whence all life had for ever fled. The head was covered by a cap of choice lace, and a wreath of fresh flowers arranged around. The hands were closed upon the breast, with the fingers covered with expensive jewellery, which seemed to sparkle as if in glad pride that the eye was dim for ever. Thus bedizened, poor food for worms, she went down to the grave;' trusting to carry with her to her narrow house the regard which wealth elicits on earth; forgetting that in that cold and silent mansion are

— 'all metals forbid,
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid!'

'FLORENCE'S' *'Song of the Mermaids'* is weird, shadowy, and mystical, and differs very materially from a piece bearing the same title which appeared in a recent number of the KNICKERBOCKER:

Down, down, down—
Deeply and darkly down,
By the tangled sea-weeds' mossy curl,
By the eddies' deep yet silent whirl,
Our dwellings be:
Close, close in our caves of pearly shell,
With the sea-foam and the 'ocean-bell,'
Where the dark-blue billows heave and swell,
There nestle we.

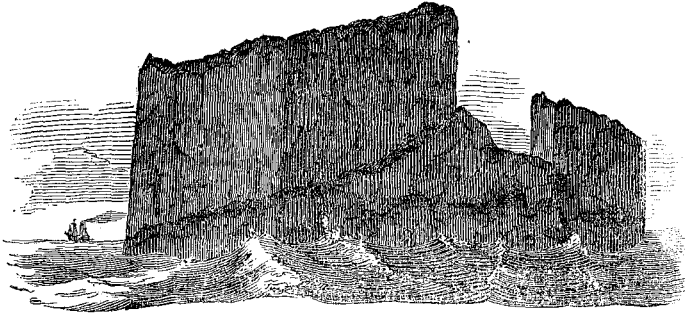
Cold, cold, cold—
Icily, sternly cold,
With the flowing of the chilly waves
O'er bones unburied, and unknown graves,
Our bosoms are:
Ask of the storms, so wild to bind,
Where are our loves and feelings kind,
They will breathe through the gause of the rain and wind,
'Where, oh, where?'

Dim, dim, dim—
Palely and calmly dim,
In the darkly-rolling, shadowy stream,
The bones and the faces of sleepers gleam
Through coral trees:
Afar, afar, with a wavy motion,
Wreathing soft hair with the swell of the ocean,
Reckless of winds or waves' commotion,
Their forms we see.

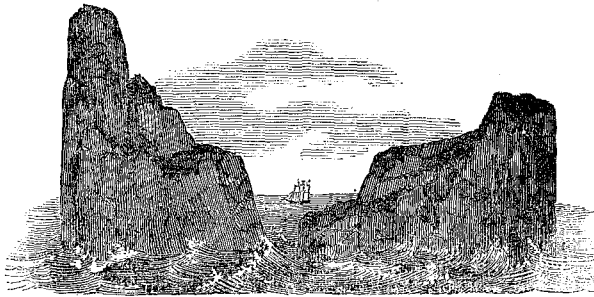
Come, come, come!
Mortals, silently come!
By the cold, wan-light of the soaring moon,
Close your eyes dreamingly; sink ye down
In the still sea:
Girdled by arms ice-cold and white,
Lighted by stars serenely bright,
Bathed in a mystic, slumberous light,
Your homes shall be.

The 'ruling passion strong in death' is forcibly exemplified in a single passage of Mr. ROBERT KELLY's excellent address upon the life and character of EDWARD C. ROSS, LL. D., late Professor of Mathematics in the New-York Free Academy: 'There is a touching incident connected with his last sickness, which I hope I am not wrong in communicating, illustrative of the strength of this ruling passion. It was observed, that while fever was raging in his rapidly-weakened system, his mind began to wander, and his hands were seen to be busy with the checkered counterpane, as though picturing diagrams upon it. Subsequently, when reason returned, on being asked of what he had been thinking, he replied, with a gentle smile, that he had been intensely occupied with mathematical problems. With his permission, the covering was removed, lest its figures should again awaken the same trains of thought.' - - - THAT was rather a singular 'fix' that a young gentleman got himself into, at a certain small town in the west, 'once upon a time.' He happened to arrive at the pleasant village of S—, one autumnal evening, and put up at its only inn; and as he entered, he heard music and dancing in an upper chamber. The landlord, who was an old acquaintance, informed him that a ball was going on in the hall above, and he asked him to go up with him, to be introduced to, and join, the revellers. This he declined, on the ground that he was not properly dressed for such an occasion, and especially, that his linen was too much soiled. 'Never mind that,' said the big, burly landlord, 'I can give you a shirt;' and he stepped into the next room and brought forth a garment which would have been a large pattern for DANIEL LAMBERT, and holding it up, said, 'There, now, is a comfortable, roomy shirt for you!' 'Oh, *that* would never do,' said the guest; 'I should lose myself in it utterly!' On second thoughts, the landlord could 'do better' for him. One of the girls was ironing some shirts in the kitchen for one of the boarders, and he would 'get him one that *would* fit, any how.' So he disappeared, and presently came in with a nice clean 'sark,' into which his guest soon thrust himself, and having made a hasty toilet, ascended to the ball-room. Being a young man from a much larger place, and rather good-looking withal, he found no difficulty in obtaining 'partners,' and these happened to be a judicious selection from the most beautiful girls in the room. The other beaux began at length to regard him with no little jealousy, and one of them went so far as to say, that 'he'd cut the comb of the conceited cock, if he did n't mind his eye!' And all this while, the subject of this belligerent remark was regarding himself with the utmost complacency, being the 'observed of all observers.' Meanwhile, there was the 'toot! toot! toot!' of a stage-horn sounding in the distance; presently the coach lumbered up to the inn; the driver threw out the mail, and the lines to an attendant ostler, and hastened into the bar-room, having no farther care nor labor upon his hands until next day. He was also invited by the landlord to 'go up stairs and join the dancers,' a proposition which he at once accepted. Those were days when a stage-driver was among the most 'popular' men in every little community; for he had travelled, and seen the world. The driver retired to change his clothes; and nothing farther was seen or heard of him until he entered the ball-room, his face flushed, and his voice somewhat husky, with passion, and strode into the middle of the hall. The music stopped; and the driver broke the ensuing silence with the question, 'Is Mr. SAMUEL JENKINS, of S—, here?' 'I am Mr. SAMUEL JENKINS,' said our popular guest, stepping forward, doubtless fancying that some new attention was to be bestowed upon him. 'Oh, *you* are Mr. JENKINS, be you?' 'Yes; and what may your business

be with me?' 'Nothin', only, when you get through with that *shirt* of mine that you've got on your back, and are struttin' in, I'd just thank you to leave it at the bar!' A loud laugh followed this exposure. The 'cock's comb' was 'cut;' his feathers drooped, and amidst much 'cackling' he vanished from the 'gay and festive scene.' - - - We give below a perfect representation of one among many ice-bergs which were seen in the vicinity of the 'Great Banks,' by the passengers of the United States mail-steamer 'BALTIMORE,' on her voyage to England in May last. It was seen from the weather-bow and quarter of the ship, and was drawn from actual view at the time, by the accomplished surgeon of the vessel, Dr. W. H. A. CARY. We are indebted to our friend and correspondent, 'KIT KELVIN,' for the drawings from which the engravings are made:



The second engraving shows another view of the same berg, and exhibits the manner in which it is being eaten away in the centre, by a warmer medium and the incessant action of the waves:



The ice-berg here represented was believed to be some two hundred and fifty feet out of the water; and when the sun shone on its splintered peaks, its appearance was grand and beautiful in the extreme. It was doubtless coming in contact with such a mass of 'thick-ribbed ice' as this, that sent 'poor Power' and his fellow-passengers in 'The President' to their last account. Apropos of ice-bergs, is a highly graphic sketch, recently published by one of the officers of the GRINNELL Arctic Expedition, of sailing under an arch in one as high as the 'Natural Bridge' in Virginia; and while looking up through the blue-green mass, seeing it severed by an awful fissure, parting and closing by the motion of the sea. What a position! The venturesome spirits 'backed out' of the ice-arch at the 'meetest vantage of the time.' - - - HERE is a very pleasant extract

from 'Pierpont's Centennial Celebration Poem,' delivered at Litchfield, (Conn.,) not many weeks since. It brings up in long review all the 'BARLOW' and 'jack-knives' we ever possessed, and all the kites, wind-ships, water-wheels, wind-mills, bass-wood-whistles, and 'pop' and 'squirt'-guns we ever made with them:

'THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no *stone* unturned till he can whet it;
And, in the education of the lad,
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.
Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chesnut whistle, and his shingle dart,
His elder pop-gun, with its hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-leaf trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;
Or if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship, 'beam-ends upon the floor,'
Full rigged, with raking masts and timbers staunch,
And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.
Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven,
E'er long he'll solve you any problem given;
Make any gim-crack, musical or mute,
A plough, a coach, an organ, or a flute;
Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a floating dock,
Or lead forth beauty from a marble block;
Make any thing, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four.
Make it, said I? Ay, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing, and the machine that makes it.
And, when the thing is made, whether it be
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea,
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
Or, upon land, to roll, revolve, or slide;
Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
Whether it be a piston or a spring,
Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
The thing designed shall surely come to pass;
For, when his hand's upon it, you may know
That there's *go* in it, and he'll make it go.'

A FRIEND mentioned to us the other evening a striking instance of 'literal rendering' on the part of an Irish servant. His child was taken with convulsions in the night; his wife, in jumping suddenly from the bed, to aid the little sufferer, sprained her ankle, and could not walk: the servant-girl was aroused, and told to go and put water on the fire at once, as the child was in convulsions. Off she went; and by and by, the father, who had his mustard, etc., ready for the hot water, becoming tired of the delay, descended to the kitchen, which he found full of steam, looming through which, in one corner, stood the Irish servant-girl. She had put the fire entirely out, by following the simple direction: 'Put some water *on* the fire.' Fortunately the ridiculous blunder had no serious consequences. - - - THERE is a latent bit of fun in this scrap of hybrid latinity: 'THEODORO HOOKO, una die, cum amico ambulante, hominem viderunt potu oneratum. 'Ecce!' exclamat amicus, 'illuc vide hominem inebriatum quem cognosco, et qui se teetotallerum appellat!' 'Haud miror,' respondi HOOKUS, 'nam scis, quod ipse cum T (tea) tipsy sit.' - - - WELL, we *did* hear something just now that was *about* as 'verdant' as any thing we have encountered

for a long time: 'What does that picture mean, in Broadway, of two jack-asses with their heads together?' asked an acquaintance of us; 'and what is the joke of the words underside, 'When shall we *three* meet again?' They ain't but two on 'em!' We ventured -- hint to the querist that *he* made the third; and the thought at once penetrated to his entire thimble-full of brains. - - - This beautiful stanza is 'conserved' for posterity, from a poem in the 'Waverley Magazine:'

'THE sweet name 'LUCY' was engraved
Upon that marble white;
I think that I have never seen
A more interesting sight!'

CORRESPONDENTS will be pleased to bear particularly in mind, that all communications intended for publication in the KNICKERBOCKER, all *inquiries* in relation to such communications, whether already sent or to be sent, must, to receive requisite attention, be addressed to L. GAYLORD CLARK, Editor KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, Number 139, Nassau-street, New-York. *Business* communications should be addressed to the publisher, Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON, at the same address. - - - 'JOSEPH WATKINS,' writes a south-western correspondent, 'although not a man we've 'read of,' was yet years ago the most regular 'soaker' we ever saw. He could drink more 'bald-face' than any man 'on the hill.' He was reckless and 'extravagant;' that is, he spent all his money for 'hardware.' He was kind and indulgent to his pale, withered-looking wife and tow-headed children, and yet a bruising bully at all musters and elections. Old JOE had been 'kicking up ahind and afo'e' till he had got somewhat advanced in years; and as he had passed through numberless camp-meetings unscathed, he was given over to hardness of heart by many of the 'brethring.' It happened, however, that 'Mister WATKINS' was convicted under the preaching of a Baptist divine, and after having given satisfactory evidence to the 'proper authorities' of his conversion, was taken to the 'branch' to be baptized. The minister and the candidate waded 'down into the water.' The parson arranged Joe's hands, and had given him some whispered directions how to act; and was just upon the point of completing the ceremony, when our hero, who should have been oblivious to all 'foes without and fears within,' after casting a searching glance around him, as he was about to be immersed, yelled out, 'Look here, Brother SMITH, it is too d---d *snaky* here!'

- - - We have received from Messrs. LEE AND WALKER, Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, some twenty pieces of music, consisting of songs, etc., which, for beauty of paper and printing, we have never seen surpassed. As to the music, much of it we know to be very beautiful. Of the rest we shall speak more fully when we hear them played by two young misses who are 'far away' at school. They do not hesitate to say that 'all are very pretty,' and such as any one can learn who will only take the pains.' - - - We have received from the editor of 'The Bunkum Flag-Staff' the following extract from his 'Extra Issoo, of the last date.' We are assured in a private note from the respected proprietor of that journal, that adequate arrangements have been made to 'place it onto a basis of the firmest footing,' in the 'course of perhaps not a very long time, at least.' The 'Extra Issoo' bears the startling words 'AWFUL CONFLAGRATION!' on its front, which calamity it proceeds to describe as follows:

'FROM the caption at our mask-head, it will be seen that our town has become the theatre of another of those sublime but heart-rending, heart-sickening exhibition of the elemental of fire, which we should set it down at the round aggregate and sum total of not less than ten thousand

dollars, which has ever been our lot to record in these columns, including three stores, a bowling-saloon, and a couple of stables, a colt and three horses, one a mayor, which resolutely, with the most blind-hearted infatuation, refused to come out of the blaze, whose awful cries with the hissing of flames and pumping of 'Fire-Engine No. 3' grate upon our ears while we pen this article. We have just come from the burning ashes of this terrible waste of human property; and when we see a beautiful penan-forty and other things of great value mixed up in heterogeneous confusion, we could hardly find heart to write what we feel. Not a dollar of insurance! The whole is a sum total loss, except a valuable milch-cow whose calf has got away. Three dollars reward: see our advertising columns. (No charge: they've suffered enough.) Only to think of so many years labor: it all goed in one night, and not a wreck behind. What a lesson of the uncertainty of human affairs!

'But who we ask is to be found guilty of this crime? Who arson'd this town clandestinely, unbeknownst to any one before hand? Where was our spirited public authorities, when the property of our fellow-citizens was put in jeopardy? Who is to blame? Oh 'no body,' we presume; of course, nobody. We will tell you. Let the keepers of that bowling-saloon answer it to their MAKER as they will have to do when this question is finally brought to the test at the last day. Let them who licensed the bowling-saloon answer with the conflagration still staring them into the face! That there is guilt somewhere we presume that no sensible individual disposed to have any reasonable manner of doubt. If so, who? *Whoo?* We will tell you. It is those young gentlemen who may be seen coming out of a certain grocery with their eyes red with dram-drinking on a Sunday morning. Is there not a certain deacon, we ask, who is sometimes seen sneaking around that corner? We mention no names. Will our girls marry such young men who frequent such places? If it was not for the bowling-saloon no doubt at this moment the stores standing, the horses and mayor safe, the calf found, and the piano good for any number of tunes ahead-where now a melancholy waste, and the owners out of pocket; while the authorities who licensed the bowling-saloon still at large and probably will do till the judgment day. Ladies, don't look at 'em! They are the authors of this dispensation of PROVIDENCE, without shadow of doubt, if they have any consciences, which they perobably have not got any. Let the owner of the calf look to them for disbursement.

☞ 'We stop the press to announce that the calf has been found, and we are glad of it. We say again emphatically that the bowling-saloon is the root of the whole matter. These things must be tracked somewhere, and where you goin' to track 'em if not to the bowling-saloon? It has led astray more young men than any institution in this village since our streets was paved. And when we heard the fire-bell's first ring, we was not at all surprised that the mischief was from that 'ere bowling-saloon. It is a burning, blistering shame that such stupendous things should be tolerated in an accommodating Christian communit' where there are three churches and public schools. What's the use-t of Sabbath, if our young men must frequent corner groceries and a bowling-saloon? If that 'ere bowling-saloon nad not been where it was, no doubt many who are now in their graves would have been alive and their widows provided for every comfortabel; and there are many respectable youths whose parents no doubt think that they are at a prayer-meelin', little dreaming that they are into a bowling-saloon. When we think of how many good books are published, and how many excellent religious tracks are now for sale at our counter, it is a matter of marvel that any can be found to frequent a bowling-saloon or such like places of that description which are on the high road to hell. We never remember but once-t in our lives of having frequented a bowling-saloon and that to bring away our devil, who from the moment he went there began to drink beer till we discharged him. If bowling-saloons must be tolerated in a community like this, then the quicker we pack up and be off with our types the better. Our property is not safe. Ten thousand dollars all burnt to the ground in one hour, and that by the influence of a bowling-saloon! Would we let our son THOMAS go to such places? We'd see him in his grave first. The church yard is literally filled with people who have attended a bowling-saloon! 'O, Temporal! O Moses!'

RUMINATING leisurely homeward to-night, the damp wind playing like an Æolian-harp upon the telegraph-wires, which, bedecked with the flaunting remnants of city-boys' kites, were stretching through the misty metropolis into the great inland, we could n't help soliloquising for a moment upon that mighty invention: 'There go the iron lines, along the broad river's side, past its shadowy sails and bright-lighted steamers; by wastes of heath and swamp; by pine-covered mountains, whose shaggy tops are fretted by the winds of heaven; by the shores of vast lakes, lifting up 'all their great multitude of waves;' amidst all varieties

of atmosphere; here a 'sudden cold,' there the heat-lightning 'playing i' the plighted cloud!' Yes, there sweep the wires! — bearing the hopes and fears, the ambitions and the defeats, the avarice and cupidity of man!' Here we were interrupted in our thoughts by the welcoming shout of 'Young KNICK,' who was skating with one skate, on a scanty strip of half-frozen Croton, before the sanctum. Our 'wire-drawn' reverie was ended. - - - Now that the season of holiday presents is at hand, we shall be doing our metropolitan readers good service by reminding them, that aside from such eminent depositories as TIFFANY, YOUNG AND ELLIS'S, WILLIAMS AND STEVENS'S, etc., there may be found, at the capacious wholesale house of MESSRS. JEROLIMAN, MOTLEY AND COMPANY, on the site of the old Park-Theatre, the finest collection of rare ornamental goods, in their kind, to be found in America. Their collection of papier-maché desks, ladies' dressing-cases, work-boxes, cabinets, etc., of all sizes and prices, exceed in elegance and beauty any similar goods we have ever encountered. Their articles in leather are scarcely less desirable. Ladies and gentlemen's dressing-cases, port-folios, reticules, albums, backgammon-boards, port-monnaies, etc., are in this department in an almost infinite variety of patterns and prices. In every thing implied by ornamental stationery, there is not such a collection in America; papers, in all varieties, ivory-work, fine cutlery, and the like. In short, the establishment is itself a curiosity, both as to extent and variety. - - - THE inhabitants of a small town not a hundred miles from Gotham, considering that they had as much right to bore Kossuth with a speech as their neighbors, appointed a committee to wait upon him at 'the IRVING,' and welcome him to our shores, etc. As none of them were in possession of more knowledge than the law allows, but being of the 'mute inglorious MILTON' order, they determined to cast lots for a speaker. It chanced to fall upon a son of the Emerald isle, who was not much addicted to newspaper-reading. He had heard that Kossuth was an exile, and as the words exile and Ireland were associated together in his mind, he thought of course that Kossuth must be a Milesian. So, stepping up to him, after the ceremony of introducing the deputation was over, he addressed him thus: 'Illustrious MCGUIRE!' In spelling the word 'Magyar,' 'from the ear,' he had divided it thus: 'Mag-y-ar!' - - - The *Fourth Annual Benefit of the American Dramatic Fund Association* took place at NIBLO's on Wednesday, the third of December. We are glad to learn that the fund is in a most prosperous condition, having an invested capital of over ten thousand dollars, and an annual income of twelve hundred dollars a year. Much credit is due to the officers of the institution for the manner in which they have managed it, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but pursuing one straight course. They may well feel proud of the success of their labors. - - - ONE gets accustomed to reading certain advertisements, in the daily journals, now that writing them has become an art, with as much gusto as the daily news. We enjoy some of them, of a morning, as much as we do our murders. Our friend, MR. LUCIUS HART, Number 6, Burling-slip, is *facile-princeps* in this kind. He reads, evidently, and thinks, and appreciates, if he is busily engaged in handing over his counter the numerous varieties of his tasteful and elegant fabrications. Here is his last:

'OLD WINTER has returned: the forest leaves have taken leave: the boughs bow to the rude blasts: the fruit-trees with bare limbs bear nothing: and Hoop's Autumn song,

'Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.'

is postponed.

'The mention of Britannia Ice Pitchers giveth a chill and causeth them to be filled with hot lemonade. Britannia Molasses-Cups, well filled, stand near the smoking buck-wheat cakes; bright Britannia Lamps and Candle-sticks are placed upon the evening table, where shine the beautiful Tea-Sets, Urn and Swing Kettles; and thus peaceful evening is welcomed in.'

THE articles entitled 'The Voyageur' and 'ANN ELIOT,' two separate sketches from two separate works now in the press of Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER, were prepared for, and sent in advance to, the KNICKERBOCKER, by their gifted authors. The volume by Mrs. SIGOURNEY will appear in the course of the ensuing month; that by Mr. MCCONNELL, we understand, will not appear until spring. Both works will eminently commend themselves to the public attention and admiration. - - - Our friend FULLER, of the popular '*Evening Mirror*' daily journal, took us into an upper chamber of his office, the other day, to show us multitudinous cases of new types, which were shining in their cells, as bright as silver. We shall see their reflections anon in the lively and various columns of 'The Mirror.' - - - We received at a late hour, from MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY, two large, well-printed, and elegantly and profusely illustrated volumes, by our friend and correspondent, E. G. SQUIER, '*Es-quier*,' entitled '*Nicaragua; its People, Scenery, Monuments, and the Proposed Interoceanic Canal*.' We shall give a review in detail of this work in our next; and in the mean time would call the especial attention of our readers to one of the freshest and most interesting works of the season. We would also invite an examination of the following '*Holiday Books*,' issued by the same publishers, in addition to those mentioned more at large in our last and in the present number. They are all admirably calculated for the present gift-giving season: 'A Book of the Passions,' by G. P. R. JAMES; 'Lyrics of the Heart,' by ALARIO A. WATTS; 'Legends of the Flowers,' by SUSAN PINDAR; 'Beauties of the Court of CHARLES the Second,' etc. - - - For reasons elsewhere mentioned, many things which we should have been pleased to place before our readers are deferred. Among the prominent, if not the *most* prominent, of these, are the *Aztec Children*. It needs only to *see* them. They are at the Society-Library, corner of Leonard-street and Broadway. Once to see them, is to assure the observer that they are the offspring of an individual and an unique race. - - - We have received from two or three sources batches of curious and authentic epitaphs. These are the best:

'HERE lies the body of poor JOHN MOUND,
Who was lost at sea, and never found!'

'LIE long on him, good mother Earth, for he
Lied long enough, God knows, on thee!'

'HERE lies JOHN BEAN, who from a house
Into a cistern fell ker-souse;
He struggled hard with many a bound,
But could n't get out, and so was drowned.'

'Speaking of cisterns,' reminds us of a good story we heard yesterday. A man arrived in the night at a hotel in a western village, one end of which was just by a lock of the enlarged Erie canal. Having occasion to step out for some purpose, the traveller walked directly into the lock. After struggling for some time, he at length climbed out, and entered the house as wet as a drowned rat. 'Landlord,' said he, on coming in, 'I don't know the size of your house, but you've got an all-mighty big cistern!'

- - - HERE is a '*Model Husband*,' that would satisfy the stoutest advocate of 'woman's rights' at the late Massachusetts convention: 'He never takes the newspaper and reads it before Mrs. SMITH has had a chance to run over the advertisements, deaths and marriages, etc. He always gets into bed first on cold nights, to take off the chill for his

wife. If the children in the next room scream in the night, he don't expect his wife to take an air-bath to find out what is the matter. He has been known to wear Mrs. SMITH's night-cap, while in bed, to make the baby think it was its mother! We wonder if ladies love such 'lords' as this! - - - OWING to the necessity of stereotyping the KNICKERBOCKER, and the consequent early preparation of the matter, many things have been omitted which we should have been glad to include in the present number. Among the most prominent of these, are the proceedings of our good old *Saint Nicholas Society*, and an account of the glorious reception of our great patriot-guest, LOUIS KOSSUTH, and the noble tribute paid to him at that magnificent hotel, 'THE ASTOR,' by the PRESS of New-York. We shall do justice to all deferred matters in our next. - - - WELL, how do you like us in our new dress? How our matter? Aren't we worth about three dollars a year? 'Then why don't you say so to your friends, and give them the 'g-r-e-a-t and g-e-l-l-o-r-i-o-u-s privilege' of reading the KNICKERBOCKER regularly? Then shall we enjoy, what we heartily invoke for all our readers, 'A Happy New Year!'

LITERARY RECORD.—In the '*Episodes of Insect Life*' we have the third, and, we regret to learn, the last series of one among the most elegant and delightful books that has recently issued from the American press. With an easy, graceful style, the author lures the reader through many a lovely scene, where valuable facts are mingled with tempting fictions and pleasing anecdotes and happy reflections, the evident out-pouring of a fresh and loving heart. We could not have imagined that the habits, uses, and troubles of the myriad insects that fill the air and dwell in the earth, a brief summer life, could be made so interesting. That is a sound philosophy that teaches us to

'Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

and not less salutary the teaching which leads us to notice the innumerable tiny creatures that throng about our path in spring and summer and autumn, and associate them with such thoughts. Mr. REDFIELD has done himself great credit in re-publishing this book in such exquisite style. The paper and type are perfect, and refreshing to the eye. The engravings are very fine, printed in letter-press, yet with an elegance which was never attained in wood. The plates are numerous, and exhibit much taste in their arrangement; in fact, we know of no American work that will compare with it in appearance. We heartily thank the publisher for his enterprise, in putting within the reach of the American public a book so valuable, and calculated to amuse and instruct all classes of readers. - - - SOME years ago there appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER a long and wonderful story, '*Mocha-Dick, of the Pacific*,' a mountainous old whale, that used to loom up like an island in the midst of the sea, and when approached, was observed to be trailing the lines of countless harpoons, which streamed like horrid hair, green with sea-slime and knotted with barnacles, from his sides. Under the title of '*Moby-Dick*' Mr. MELVILLE has taken up this whale, and made him the subject of one of his characteristic and striking romances. His ocean-pictures are exceedingly graphic. Indeed, his descriptions of taking the whale are a succession of moving pictures; the detail bringing out every point of light and shadow with wonderful effect. - - - THERE is reason to believe that the *New Edition of Shakspeare*, the publication of which has just been commenced by Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, of Boston, under the editorship of Rev. H. N. HUDSON, will prove a very valuable, and certainly a very convenient and well-executed one. The form is excellent; and the entire works of the Great Bard will be embraced in eleven volumes. The text will be carefully restored according to the first editions, with introductions, notes, original and selected, and a life of the poet. Not exactly akin to SHAKSPEARE, but a very good thing never theless, 'and a useful,' is '*The American Matron*,' a practical and scientific work on Cookery, from the press of the same publishers. '*A Thought-Book*,' containing brief selections from the thoughts of 'the wise spirits of all ages and all countries, fit for all men and all hours,' is another of the recent issues of this enterprising and uniformly well-judging publishing-house. - - - Mr. BRYANT in a notice in the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, pays the following tribute to Mr. STODDARD, whose volume of poems was commended to the readers of our last number: 'Mr. STODDARD is one of our most agreeable writers of verse. He has, in a high degree, that facility in gathering beautiful im

ages, and discovering graceful and striking resemblances, which makes so important an element of the poetic character, and is master of an easy and airy versification. With these qualities, he sometimes incorporates a tenderness of feeling which, more than any other peculiarity, perhaps, gives the reader a personal interest in the poet whose writings he peruses.' - - - We have received, and perused with no ordinary pleasure, an *'Address on the Life and Character of the late Prof. Edward C. Ross, LL. D.,'* late of the New-York Free Academy. The author is Mr. ROBERT KELLY, whose eloquent tribute to the late DANIEL SEYMOUR was noticed at large in these pages. The present address is conceived and written in a style of kindred compactness and purity, and will give perpetuity to the name of one who was justly loved and honored while living, and is fervently lamented, being dead. The address before us is published at the request and by authority of the Board of Education of the city and county of New-York. - - - MESSRS. GOULD AND LINCOLN, Boston, have recently issued a volume, elaborately illustrated with pictorial crania and portraits, upon *'The Natural History of the Human Species,'* by Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES HAMILTON SMITH, of England. The volume is very full upon the themes whereof it treats; giving the typical forms, prominent distribution, filiations and migrations of 'us humans;' in short, a clear and succinct investigation of the History of Man upon zoological principles, applied to the phases of his earliest available historical aspects. The book opens with a preliminary abstract of the views of BLUMENBACH, PRICHARD, BACHMAN, AGASSIZ, and other authors of repute on the same subject. Its execution is good. - - - A CORRESPONDENT 'who knows' writes: 'Have you seen *'Dream-Land by Day-light,'* by Miss CAROLINE CHESEBRO?' What lovely rambles we all have taken through this same Dream-Land, in our early days, and how passing all after-realization those waking visions! Could we but gather them and present them with all their magic hues as they beguiled us of many a happy hour, how they would enchant the young heart: but they come and go, and leave no trace behind. Miss CHESEBRO' has made a pleasant book for young people of her day-dreams. It consists of a series of stories, not so long as to tire, nor so deep as to fatigue; very unambitious, and written in a simple, unaffected style. We were especially pleased with the *'Withered Fig Tree,'* a story of a little deformed girl, who devotes her life to an unfortunate idiot brother, an illustration of the beauty of self-sacrifice. The type and paper, like all the recent publications of Mr. REDFIELD, are beautiful, and add wonderfully to the pleasure of the reader. We recognize the bold and life-like touch of DARLEY in the two wood-cuts which ornament the work: there is a tint about them, quite peculiar in its effect, and different from any thing we have seen before. Some new power has evidently been applied here to produce these singularly beautiful results. - - - *'Words in Earnest, or the Path of Wisdom made Plain,'* is the title of a collection of valuable moral lectures or discourses, by Reverends W. W. EVERTS, J. W. ALEXANDER, WILLIAM HAGUE, G. W. ANDERSON, and GEORGE B. CHEEVER. The several themes are: *'The Social Position and Influence of Cities; 'The Temptations of City Life; 'Young Men of Cities urged to the Work of Mental Improvement; 'The Theatre; 'Duties of Employers and Employed; 'Punishment not Preventive, not Reformatory; 'A Plea for Children; 'and 'The Sabbath.'* The publisher of the volume is Mr. EDWARD H. FLETCHER, Number 141 Nassau-street. - - - If our readers would see what outrageously inhuman, ingenious, and demoniacal cruelty the meanest government on the face of the earth is capable of perpetrating, we commend to their perusal *'Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen,'* by the Right Honorable W. E. GLADSTONE, Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford, England. The details are too painfully horrible to be rehearsed: they have, however, had the effect to awaken the interest and sympathy of Christendom; and will not be without their effect upon the cowardly scoundrels whose dungeoned iniquities they have brought to the light of day. The present pamphlet is from the first American and fifth London edition, and is issued by JOHN S. NICHOLS, an enterprising and intelligent New-York news-boy, at Number 207 Pearl-street. Go at once and 'patronize' him. - - - We have just received the fifth edition, revised and brought up to last September, of Mr. E. PORTER BELDEN's *'New-York, Past, Present, and Future,'* a compendious and succinct history of the metropolis, a description of its present condition, and an estimate of its future increase. It is a very valuable work for reference, and is illustrated with numerous engravings of many of our principal public edifices and institutions. - - - *'No such Word as Fail,' or the 'Children's Journey,'* is the title of a beautiful little illustrated volume by Mrs. ALICE B. NEAL, of Philadelphia, just issued by Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY. We know that it is a good book; for a certain little boy whom we wot of, told us, as we lay in bed, looking through the blinds at the waning western stars this morning, that he wept his way through it, in deepest sympathy with the little wanderers, but that 'it all came out right at the last.' - - - A LIVELY, stirring, and eminently interesting narrative of personal adventure is embodied in a small volume bearing the title of *'The Camel Hunt,'* recently published by Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston. The author is Mr. JOSEPH W. FABENS, of Salem, Massachusetts; and he is master of a style at once simple, natural, and effective. He promises another work, *'Life on the Isthmus.'*